

In the African Bush




Jewel
Huelster
Schwab

Mrs. D. H. Ward.
417 East 12th St.





IN THE AFRICAN BUSH



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IN THE AFRICAN BUSH

A COURSE FOR JUNIOR BOYS AND GIRLS

by

JEWEL HUELSTER SCHWAB



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WITHDRAWN

JEWEL HUELSTER SCHWAB, author of *In the African Bush*, has been a missionary in Cameroun, West Africa, under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for twenty-one years. Her deep respect for and sympathetic understanding of the African people is evident in her work. In November 1927 Mrs. Schwab and her husband, the Reverend George Schwab, were released for eight months from their work in Cameroun to accept a commission from the Phelps-Stokes Fund to make a survey and study of educational and mission work in Liberia.

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INTRODUCTION

IN this book are a number of stories based on African life, suggestions for worship services, for handwork and dramatization, and two special African projects: one a notebook made by the group to forward to Africa, the other a special enterprise which the leader's board officer may himself suggest.

No leader can possibly use in any one session all the activities indicated. Many suggestions have been made in order that the leader may choose those which most nearly meet the needs and interests of her group. It may be that for some sessions she will use none of the material outlined, but will, from the suggestions of her own pupils, or out of her own experience, find activities which will much more effectively aid in helping her boys and girls to become acquainted with the boys and girls of Africa, to think of them as very much like themselves, and to become convinced that they are deserving of respect and liking as well as of interest and help.

Worship services for each session have been included. In order that these may be of the maximum service, they have been arranged for the use of leaders who are able to give a whole period to missionary education and therefore wish to use the course entire. It is hoped, however, that they will also be useful to leaders who tell the stories in connection with worship services in week-day or Sunday schools, for the author realizes that there are many teachers and superintendents who are eager to help boys and girls to a missionary attitude and broader sym-

pathies and are nevertheless unable to give an entire period to missions.

If any of the African expressions in the stories confuse the pupils, as, for instance, the proverb the teacher uses on page 27, the story teller will omit them. Remember that one of the requisites of being a good story teller is to be able to omit all that stands in the way of making the real story clear and appealing. Practice with each group is necessary before the leader can know just how much of the idiom they will enjoy. In any case it is usually a good thing to explain anything that needs to be explained before the story is told rather than during the telling of it.

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PART I: STORIES
WITH
BACKGROUND NOTES



SUMMER HAS COME

“O H, Mother,” exclaimed Edima (which means Precious Thing) as she almost fell into the hut in her eagerness to tell her mother the great news, “I have seen an *ebanga* tree in flower! Summer is coming.”

“Yes, my precious one, you have eyes,” said Mother, who was cracking squash seeds with a little stick she held. “This morning when I went through the garden looking for a few greens, I found the sugar-cane in flower and saw grasshoppers flying. But come, help me shell these squash seeds. The shadow of the hut has reached the banana trees in the back yard, and these seeds must be ground on the grinding stone for supper.”

Edima sat down on a piece of wood opposite her mother, carefully smoothing her gayly colored bustle and holding it close to her little body. “Let me help you, Mother, and we shall soon have enough squash seeds for soup.”

“I saw many butterflies today, flying from the direction of the big salt water toward the interior. I came upon black cocoons hanging from a tree. Palm birds have put on their yellow coats. These are signs that summer has already come,” said a voice from somewhere in the hut. As there were no windows in the hut, and just the one opening through which Edima had come, it was so dark she had not seen her brother when she entered.

Mone Ze (in English his name would be Son-of-Leopard) was busy making a rat trap. Maybe he would catch one of the big bush rats that had been bothering him so much. As he sat fashioning his trap he was care-

ful to tie the noose in just the right place—opposite the hole in the clay wall through which many a rat had come to nibble at his toes as he slept on his bed of bamboo poles.

Mone Ze was wishing in his heart that Father would take them camping in the forest, as he had done in the last big dry season. But Father had gone away two moons ago and might not be back before the rains came again.

“Edima, stop grinding.” Mone Ze’s voice was tense. The sound of a drum could be heard faintly in the distance. “The drum is saying, ‘Maidens-choose-feathers.’ That is your drum name, Mother. And now the message is being beaten out on the drum. Listen! The drum says, ‘I am hungry. Cook me food.’”

“Your father, it is your father coming home,” said Mother. “Bring me that leg of antelope that has been drying on the rack over the fire since your father went away. Son, take this gourd and fetch fresh drinking water from the spring.”

Soon *makabô* were bubbling in a clay pot on a fire of sticks laid on the clay floor at one end of the hut, and a pot of greens with the meat was cooking on a fire at the other end.

Mone Ze went to the palaver house at the top of the street. He took with him some sticks of sugar-cane that he had cut in the garden that very morning, and a thorny stick he had found growing near the river. He sat down on a pole bed near one of the openings where he could keep his eye on the path, and began cutting the sugar cane in short lengths and grating it on the thorny stick. When his father came, he would squeeze the grated fibre and give him the juice to drink. This would be very refreshing after a long hot walk. He had left the palaver house just an instant, so it seemed to him, to run an er-

rand for one of the young men of the village who was playing sôngô in the palaver house. But when he returned there was his father, seated on one of the beds, wiping the perspiration from his face, for the day was hot and he had walked a long distance.

Mone Ze's bare feet made no noise as he went to his father and shook hands with him, as is the Bulu custom. Then with his heart racing for very joy he walked as slowly as he could to his mother's hut to tell her that Father had come, and to get a cocoanut-shell cup for the sugar-cane juice.

"Oh, my son, go, tell your mother that my stomach is sticking to my back. I have eaten nothing since the sun set yesterday. Not so much as a tomato."

"The food has come," came a voice from the street. There was Edima in the doorway with a wooden bowl of steaming *makabô* neatly balanced on her head. Not far behind her was Mother with the pot of greens and meat.

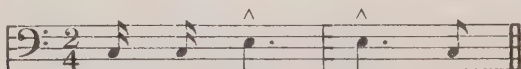
"Summer is here," sang the *bisolo* on the trees near by. "Summer is here, and Father has come," sang the hearts of Mone Ze and Edima.

BACKGROUND NOTES

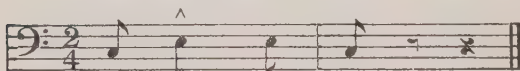
Call drum. Every village has its call drum. It is a log, preferably of redwood, hollowed out with two narrow slits, perhaps two inches wide, let into the top. The drum is so made that the upper lip when beaten by a stick sounds a higher tone than the lower lip. These drums beat the call to morning worship in many little villages in the Cameroun bush, where, just as dawn is breaking, people begin to gather to hear the word of God. When the guinea-fowl calls, which is about five o'clock, the drum tells the people on a Sunday morning what day it is: "All people, all people, come to the

house of God, come, come." On a still morning before the people in the villages are astir it may be heard fifteen miles and more.

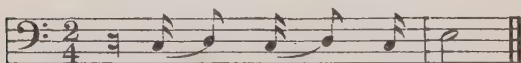
Drum call or ndan. Each person has his own drum call which he recognizes when it is beaten on the drum. A man may be in his village, his wife some distance away in her vegetable garden. He beats her *ndan* on the drum, and the call for "I am hungry." She hears and returns earlier than she might otherwise have done. If the person to be called is within sound of the voice, the call may be given by word of mouth. A number of drum calls of the Bulu tribe are given below.



ké kéé kéé ké
Môt a nkel étame zen.
Person goes alone on the path.



ké kéé ké ké
A ngenan a so.
He is still coming.



ké ké kéé
Nge été Mbita.
Were it not for Mbita.

It is remarkable how rapidly news travels by this sort of telegraph. A young missionary who had been in the country only a few months was out with some people a long distance from home. The men came to him saying, "Boxes have come for you from America. There are thirty-six different packages."

When he returned home his wife said, "I have a surprise for you." Imagine the astonishment of this newcomer when her husband replied, "I know what it is. The message was

relayed from village to village by drum that thirty-six packages had come from America."

"Every adult in our forest has a name to be beaten out on the call drum; by this he is summoned from the forest to the village or from town to town. . . . From the shade of my eaves I see our own call drum, a hollowed log four feet long, the original round of the log trimmed to an oval, the open ends plugged with a softer wood. It is mounted on a sawhorse under a little hood of thatch, overhanging from the brink of our clearing a world of crowding hills and the climbing tide of the forest. Lost to the eye in that green flood, little villages sleep, and every little village has its tongue. Now and again from the deep of the forest rises the staccato beat of a call drum—the voice of the village speaking across the uninhabited places—calling the women home from the gardens—'For the guests are many'; warning an absent hunter—'Your wife has run away,' or, 'Your wife has borne a child.' Presently Sakutu, our own drummer, will put his hand in the fissure which cleaves the length of our drum, and will bring out two sticks; striking the drum with these, he will abruptly and terrifically, and in the most expert manner, split into accurate lengths of tumult the quiet day. Then the voice from the thick lip of the drum, which is the man-voice, and the voice from the thinner lip, which is the woman-voice—for there is a least difference between the thickness of the lips of the cleft along the length of the drum—will cry out to the rim of our horizon. Everywhere the villages will give ear to a message from the white man's town, until seventeen miles from here, in the neighborhood of Njabilobe, the last vibration dies." ¹

FROM THE LETTER OF A MISSIONARY

A home in an African village. One day I walked to a neighboring village and there saw a home scene which I should

¹ From *African Clearings*, by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie (See bibliography).

like to picture to you. The house was about twenty-four feet long and nine feet wide. The walls were perhaps six feet high and made of bark fastened to bamboo sticks with bush rope, while the roof was also of bamboo sticks covered with mats of palm leaves. There was but one opening and it served as door, window and chimney. The floor, of common earth, had been leveled, made wet, and then beaten with heavy palm sticks, making it very firm and smooth. . . . Another home had only one room, yet it is marvelous how many things people can put into such a small space. Many were the objects which were standing and hanging in that house. There were four bamboo beds, which also served as seats; two fireplaces, a table made of bamboo, four drying-trays hanging over the fireplace, two high baskets full of peanuts, eighteen other baskets of different sizes and shapes, some hanging up, others standing about; four cooking pots made of burned clay, one iron kettle, one enameled bowl, one fishing net, a few water bottles made of dried gourds, two grind-stones, one wooden trough and a masher. Along one side of the wall were placed five wooden spoons and some cutlasses, also bunches of dried herbs and seeds, a few shells, elephants' bones, etc. The women's wardrobes occupied one corner of the room. They consist of grass bustles which are worn for dress occasions.

CAMPING

MONE ZE could hardly wait until Father had eaten his supper before he asked, "Can we go camping again this year?"

When Father answered yes, Mone Ze hurried to tell Mother and Edima.

Then they began to plan. They called out on the drum a message to Father's brother who lived in the Village-of-Two-Ears. They were almost breathless as they waited for the answer. At last it came. "Yes, we will go. We will go camping with you."

That meant that there would be quite a party, for of course their cousins, Eyes-of-Pig and Handle-of-Hoe, would go with their father.

The day was set. Five nights only would pass before they were to start. How full the days must be to get everything ready!

At last there was only one more day to wait. Mone Ze and Edima were singing, "One night does not rot an elephant," lifting one finger high, because they had only one night to sleep before the day when they would go camping. It seemed to them they shouldn't be able to sleep for excitement. But they did! And the next thing they knew Mother was saying, "Wake up, children! Don't you hear the guinea-fowl calling, 'Krkrkrch, krkrkrch, get up, get up, get up'?"

The eventful day had really come. They lost no time in getting up, you may be sure. Mone Ze laid together the charred logs that had been smouldering all night. He tore off bits of the bark, laid them over the smouldering

logs, and blew. Soon there was enough light in the little hut for him to see that his bow gun was still hanging in its place from the rafters near his pole bed.

And now the day was dawning, the very day they were to start on their trip! There on the wall hung the big nets that Father and his neighbors had been mending all week. These nets were used to catch animals. They were so much the color of the sooty mud walls that they could hardly be seen in the dim flickering firelight. But there they were, right near Mone Ze's precious crossbow gun. He sighed with contentment as he thought of the strong string of fiber he had fastened on the bow gun, and of the many sharp bamboo arrows he had whittled to a sharp point, all ready now in his new bark pail to take with him when he went hunting.

But there wasn't much time now for dreaming. The sun would be rising, and they must roast some potatoes in the ashes to eat with the peanut pudding that Mother had steamed so carefully yesterday in a strong banana leaf.

Edima's basket was all packed. It was the first thing she touched when she awakened, to make sure she hadn't been dreaming but was really going camping. There was her toothbrush standing like a long paint brush high above the rim of the basket. Mone Ze cut a long piece of vine for his toothbrush so he could use it for a cane, but Edima thought she would rather carry a stick of sugar-cane for a walking staff.

"Lift your baskets to your heads and let us be off," called Father from the palaver house.

"*A Mbôt, ô ô ô*," the children called to the dog, which is the way African people say "Come on."

Father led the way, spear in hand, his hunting knife in its leather sheaf fastened to his belt, and his hunting bag, which he himself had woven, slung over his shoul-

der. Deep down in his bag was a little bundle of bark and leaves wrapped carefully with a slender vine. Good-luck charm, that! It would bring much game to his bag.

They came to the Village-of-Two-Ears where Father's brother lived. All was bustle and excitement there.

"Have you tipped your arrows with poison?" called Eyes-of-Pig, who was Mone Ze's cousin.

"Edima ô, come help me lift my basket to my head," shouted Handle-of-Hoe, who was just fastening the bark door tight so the goats couldn't push it open while she was away. "Here, first tuck this bit of dried fish in your basket."

Edima set her own basket down and helped her cousin. "The *kak* tree scatters fruit," she said. This was Edima's way of saying, "You are generous, dear cousin."

Father was becoming impatient. Baskets were all adjusted once more and spears were lifted. With a call of "We are going!" from the hunting party, they set off single file through the forest.

"Ouch, wait, the driver-ants are all over me!" shrieked Mone Ze.

"You walk like a millipede without eyes, my child," laughed Mother.

Mone Ze was looking in the tree tops for monkeys and didn't notice the line of driver-ants marching in a solid line across the path. The moment his foot touched the line, up came the fierce soldier ants that were guarding the line of march, followed by hundreds of smaller ants. At least, so it seemed to Mone Ze.

"Ouch, ouch, ouch!" he shrieked again when he found he couldn't brush them off. Mother set her basket down and helped pull them off one by one.

"Hush, listen!" The line halted. Edima rested her basket against an old stump. The men stood, their spears poised.

"*Kunduk, kunduk*, what are you doing here?" trilled a beautiful blue plantain-eater as it flew from tree-top to tree-top.

"Ugh, ugh," barked the monkeys as they ate the sweet fruits in the trees, peeking at the hunting party through the leafy branches of the tree.

"You cannot catch me," they seemed to say as they scampered away, jumping and swinging from branch to branch, balancing their bodies with their long tails.

"Only some monkeys and a *kunduk*," and Father adjusted the strap of his pouch and started on.

There were so many cool streams to wade across, and so many interesting things to see, that the children didn't realize how much their feet hurt from stepping on the many roots in the path, and sometimes stubbing their bare toes, until they heard Father say, "Here are fresh antelope tracks. There is a river close by where the animals come to drink at night and where you can fish. Put down your baskets. This is a good camping place."

The boys were soon at work helping the men to clear a space and cut poles for a shelter for the night. Mother and the girls gathered firewood, and large strong leaves of a plant they found growing in the forest near the path to eat as vegetables with the food they had brought with them. By the time the sun was directly over their heads they had eaten, and were ready to begin building the shelter. The poles forming the front of the hut came up to Father's shoulder, but those forming the back were not much higher than Mone Ze's head, so it was quite easy for him to help Father cover most of the shelter with the leaves. Can you imagine how happy he was that first night he slept in the hut he had helped his father build?

While Father and the boys worked on the hut, Mother went fishing with the girls. They walked up the stream

until they came to a shallow place where there were many sticks and stones and holes where fish love to hide. Here they built a dam. It was hard work but they sang cheerily as they worked, "Who will eat my fish, *é é éé?* I shall eat my fish, *é é éé*" (which is something like our tra-la-la). When the dam was built firm enough so that water did not leak through, they took parts of an old wooden bowl they had brought with them and scooped out much of the water. Then with their nets they easily caught all the little fish, the crabs, and the shrimps from the very bottom of the stream. The little baskets that were fastened to the hair at the side of their heads to put the fish in began to hang straight with the weight of their catch.

"Oh, Mother, I've found an eel's hole!" shouted Edima. She thrust her arm in the soft mud bank and brought out, to the great delight of all, the eel.

"Let us go back now," said Mother, "and cook our fish for supper."

Mone Ze and Father had made many plans for the next day, but Mone Ze was too tired to think about all they were going to do. And when he went to sleep he didn't dream—not even about the monkey traps Father told him he would help him build next day, nor of the pits he and Father were to dig to catch antelope and wild pigs.

BACKGROUND NOTES

Driver-ant, or visiting ant. "West African doryline ants (*Anomma arcens*) nearly one-half inch long and blind, go about, mainly at night, in 'armies' that destroy all the smaller creatures overtaken. When they reach a village the Negroes are obliged to quit their houses as long as the ants remain, and 'all the rats, mice, lizards, cockroaches, and other vermin

. . . are either compelled to decamp hastily or are caught, killed, and devoured.' They are said to have no fixed abodes, but to follow a nomadic life, crossing rivers by clinging to one another in a living chain or bridge, over which others pass; or, when aroused by floods, gathering into spherical masses and floating until they drift ashore. A very complete account of their habits is given by Wilson in *Western Africa* (New York, 1856), from which the following facts are quoted: 'When about to cross a well-trodden path where they (the column) are likely to be disturbed, the soldiers weave themselves into a complete arch, extending across the whole width of the path, under which the females and the laborers bearing the larvæ pass without the least exposure. I have frequently put the end of my cane under the arch and raised it full five feet from the ground without letting a single ant fall.'" ¹

It will repay the leader to look up in encyclopædias or books of natural history other insects and animals mentioned in these stories.

In *African Clearings* (see bibliography) the chapter "Of Luxuries and Hardships" will give the leader an idea of the common everyday life of a missionary in Africa. The book is so beautifully simple that older juniors would enjoy reading parts of it for themselves.

Dried fish. This is a favorite food. If they have the money and opportunity, the people buy stock-fish at some trading post, or, if that is not obtainable, they dry their own fish, or buy fish that tribes living along the sea coast have caught and dried. A maiden is very pleased to receive a present of stock-fish from her lover. It is his box of candy that he is offering to his "girl."

¹ The New International Encyclopedia. Second edition. Vol. VII.

SICKNESS AND HEALING

A BREATHLESS stillness fills the air. The sun burns Mone Ze's head and eyes as he and his father come in to the village from the forest where they have been gathering healing barks and herbs. The roll of thunder can be heard in the distance, followed by rain. The swift falling of rain on the trees of the forest can be heard distinctly, and still the sun shines on the treeless street of the village where Edima lies ill. Edima's father has turned a clay pot upside down in the street so that the rain may not come. This very morning he cut down a banana sprout, planted it in the street quite near where Edima lay, and strewed ashes and redwood powder around it and fastened a needle made of bamboo in the top, all to prevent the rain from coming.

Edima had been ill for a week and was fast growing worse. Father had laid a vine around the village, long before they went camping, to trip up any witch that wished to harm them. Ever since she was a baby Edima had worn a wooden amulet fastened around her neck to keep away sickness. There was a wildcat skin hanging over the door of the hut where Edima slept with her mother, to scare off any bad spirit sent by an enemy to harm them or make them ill. Yet here was Edima lying helplessly ill right now.

Father had gone every day to the forest to hunt for the barks and herbs he knew had cured other people, but though they boiled them in water and gave Edima the water to drink and bathed her with it, she grew no bet-

ter. Now Father planned to take her to the witch doctor. That is why he did not wish it to rain.

Crash! Bang! The rain poured down in torrents. It swallowed up red powder and ashes. It streamed over the overturned pot. It soaked the feathers of a mother hen with her baby chicks before she had time to run to the shelter of the eaves and gather her little ones under her wing. Edima heard the rain patter on the palm-mat roof, fall off, and splash into the gutter. She wished she might lie where it could fall on her hot body and cool it.

Father's heart was heavy. The rain spirits had not heeded his overturned pot. Perhaps the witch doctor could not cure his daughter. While he was thinking these thoughts as he sat in his palaver house a young man came in to wait for the rain to stop.

Mone Ze, who was sitting by his father's side, noticed that this young man looked cleaner and wiser than most young men he had seen.

"I greet you," said the wise young man.

"Where have you come from?" asked Father.

"I have come from the town of the people of the tribe of God," answered the young man.

"The town of the people of the tribe of God—I have heard of it. Are the people as wise as they are said to be?"

"Oh yes," said the young man. "There is nothing they do not know. They have a little round thing that talks, 'tick tick, tick tick.' It tells them where the sun is in the sky all during the day, even though the day is cloudy and rainy. Then they have a little shining stick that they put in the mouth or under the arm of a sick person, which tells them just how hot or how cold the person is. I know, because one time I was very hot, I was burning up with fever. The neighbors had already gathered in

the house to mourn for me when my mother persuaded my father to carry me to their town."

Mone Ze was so eager to tell his mother what he had just heard that he didn't wait to hear any more. Cutting a banana leaf from a tree near the palaver house, to shelter himself from the rain, he ran to where his mother was sitting, heavy-hearted, pounding greens soft in a hollowed log for their evening meal.

"Mother mine, O Mother mine, the man of the tribe of God can help Edima! I heard a wise man tell Father. See, there is Father coming now."

As Father stepped out of the palaver house there was a final crash of thunder, the clouds scattered, and the sun shone clear once more.

"Prepare yourself a basket of food," said Father as he came near. "I am going to the next village. I shall be back before the chickens go to roost. Tomorrow morning at daybreak we shall start off with Edima to the town of the man of the tribe of God. I hear he has great skill in making medicine. My brother and I will carry Edima in a hammock and you will need to go along to care for her. Mone Ze can stay in the village to look after the goats and chickens."

Father knew where grew a stout bamboo pole. He cut this, then gathered an armful of strong vine. The hunting net which so short a time ago they had used while out camping to catch animals, he took from its place on the wall, folded into just the right length for a hammock, and fastened to the bamboo pole by means of the forest vine.

At daybreak all was in readiness. Carefully they laid Edima in the hammock. Mother took up her basket and thrust her arms through the strips of banana bark she had tied to the top and bottom of it on either side. Mone Ze accompanied them to the edge of the village and they

were off, the men trotting with Edima, Mother plodding behind, carrying her basket of food.

"Steady," called Father to his brother, who carried the other end of the pole on his shoulder. They had come to a swamp. The soft mud oozed up between their toes. They sank in it to their knees. Very carefully they picked their steps. They were glad there was a river ahead to wade through. There they would wash off the mud clinging to their feet and legs. On and on they plodded.

"Up," called Father. They had come to a giant tree that had fallen across the path. "I am glad we didn't pass here last night," said Father, "there were elephants here. See their tracks there on the path. Look, they have broken down a number of trees and quite destroyed all that the people have planted."

Edima thought she would like to see those tracks, but she was too tired to lift her head. The joggling of the hammock made her feel even worse than when she was lying on her own little pole bed. She had found out how to move the poles on her bed to fit her bones. Thinking of it, as she lay with the cords of the hammock pinching her flesh, she wished she had never come.

But what was that noise coming to their ears? It was the sound of many voices. It grew louder. They came to a great cleared space in the forest. There were boys cutting grass, singing to the rhythm of the cutlass. There were men carrying brick. And as they neared a house that was as big as a whole village they saw many people. Some were limping slowly up the path. There was one who was being carried as Edima was. Father watched where they went and followed them.

They arrived before the house. Father inquired, "Where is the medicine man who heals sick people?"

"In the *wasfita* [hospital]," they told him. "You must

wait your turn. All the people you see on the veranda and in the yard are waiting for him."

A young man looking much like the wise young man who sat in their own palaver house yesterday was talking to the people. Father went nearer to hear, while Mother sat holding her precious daughter. The young man was talking about him whom the Bulu call Zambe, and his son Jesus, who went about doing good and healing people.

After a while a kind-looking man came to the door. "Is this your daughter?" he asked. Then he pulled out the shining stick from its little house and put it under Edima's tongue, just as the wise man had said he would. Then he turned to the nurse and said, "All the beds are full, but the carpenter a few minutes ago brought me a new bed he has just finished. We can make room for it somewhere, and the little girl's mother may sleep on the mat by her side."


"I like you," Edima would have said if she had felt like speaking.

"How like the One the young man was just telling us about," thought Father.

A week had passed. Father had gone back to the village, but Mother still slept on her mat by Edima's side. This morning Edima softly sang, Yes, Jesus Loves Me—

Yésu a ngwéh me,
Yésu a ngwéh me,
Yésu a ngwéh me,
Ndi hala nyen me nyi

with the young man who every morning had sung with the people in the hospital and prayed that God would help them. The young man had prayed for Edima, too, and for the little boy on the next bed who had broken his leg. This morning Edima knew that his prayer had been heard and answered. That is why she was so happy.



BACKGROUND NOTES

Medical work. The witch doctor is fast losing his hold on the people. The fame of the mission doctor is spreading over the country to such an extent that at one of the stations there are over two hundred on the waiting list for specific operations.

Infant mortality in malaria alone, which was sixty per cent, has been reduced to ten per cent by the use of quinine. At the hospitals provision must also be made for those who accompany the patient; not only does the mother or wife remain, but if she has children too young to be left alone, she must keep them with her. The hospital beds are made of boards. For a mattress there is a grass mat about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and for a pillow a piece of wood. The native likes this kind of bed best because it is the kind he is accustomed to.

The *Drum Call* for October, 1924, and July, 1925, contains much information about the medical work in Cameroun. This may be secured from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MISSIONARIES

Use of charms. When we were at Zingi we saw a little child with a cord fastened around its neck and something tied in the cord. The other missionary said to the mother of the little child, "What have you inside that little package?" The mother knew that the white women did not believe in these things and so she laughed and said it was not much, but we asked again, and so the mother opened up the little package and showed us; and do you know what we saw? Several teeth, possibly part of the jaw of a small lizard. Then the mother explained to us that this was strong medicine to keep any harm from the little child's baby sister. If the child wore this it would keep her from danger.

Building a modern hospital in Africa [letter dated 1923]. I came to McLean with one-half the carpenter class, to build

the dispensary and the three dwelling houses. It was thought that by pushing the work these buildings might be finished this present year. The work has progressed so well that the last of these houses will be completed and ready to be occupied by the last of August, and a good deal of furniture for the new houses will then have been made. An eleven-room dispensary was first built, and Dr. Lehman was first to move in, in February. This is the first time that the doctor has had a suitable place in which to work during his twenty-five years of service out here. It was with a great deal of satisfaction that he moved from his little three-room building of bark and mats to his new quarters.

The older, more common type of hospital. The medical plant consists entirely of native-made buildings—a combination of bark and bamboo, with only the doors and windows made from boards. A dispensary and operating room are built on posts four or five feet from the ground, a bungalow for white visitors has a raised mud floor; but all other buildings, both for the helpers and the patients, are on the ground floor close to Mother Earth. I feel quite sure that most if not all of you who read this letter would at first sight turn away in distress at the crude shelters we call “hospital wards,” and certainly at the wrecks of humanity who present themselves at the doors of this station for help and healing. Some have walked or have been carried weary scores of miles, many from across the Campo or Ntem River in Spanish Guinea, where there is no one skilled enough or caring enough to help them in their need.

“Real medicine.” The hospital here is a small one, but fairly well equipped. The doctors who preceded my husband were all older men; so when we came the people said, “And does this boy know how to make medicine?”—and were rather reluctant to trust him. But now they say with surprise, “His medicine is real medicine”; and many are coming here from Duala, Kribi and other distant places. It is funny to see how often, after trying out a little Bulu, a little

German, a little French, he finds that pidgin English is their only common ground for conversing. Pidgin is the language of trade and is fairly widely used.

The doctor had an interesting piece of work the other night. After dark a man was carried in, having come fifty miles from Kribi. It happened that while another of our doctors was waiting at the beach for a steamer, this man had been brought to him in need of an immediate operation. Dr. Lippert had operated and saved the man's life, but he had no suture materials for finishing the job, and he was leaving for America the next day. So they persuaded friends to undertake the long march to carry him up here, and a week after Dr. Lippert began the operation my husband finished it. Oh, the work has its great joys, when one can help save men's bodies in the name of the Great Physician! It has also its griefs, as when we see the sin that causes so much physical suffering, and the refusal of some to accept Him in whose name we try to help them.

Four of our six mission doctors have passed the fifty mark in years. They have not learned their skill and tact and patience in a year or two. It takes something more than a medical school diploma to qualify one for the kind of a day's work which our doctors are doing out here. One woman said to me yesterday, "Your husband must have learned to operate when he was a child. We greatly marvel at the way he can 'cut people' and 'make medicine' from dawn until night."

Medical work in the outstation. We are indeed glad to be up here in this needy field, especially to help with the medical work, to bring odds and ends of suffering humanity out from their dark and dirty hiding-places. They come limping and groaning, they are diseased and disfigured, but they have heard the news, have hunted up a few francs, and have followed the forest trail, whether east or west or north or south. They gather at morning prayers, those who are

able to leave their beds, and also at the Sunday afternoon service. Some know nothing of the Word or of hymns or prayer, and have a dazed sort of look through it all.

Another "wise young man." When one sees the untiring patience and the practical medical knowledge of our native assistant, standing nearly alone in this place of opportunity, there is a sense of gladness in recalling that it was our privilege to give this man, when he was a boy of possibly fifteen years, his start in reading, writing, and Christianity. I can see him now as he stood on his day of entrance, his upper half clad in a cast-off umbrella cover with an oval-shaped neck finished in a turkey-red binding; what was the rest of his outfit I cannot recall—doubtless a shabby loin-cloth. Instead of umbrella-tops he now covers his body with shirt, trousers, shoes, and on dress occasions a white helmet. In the operating room he of course dons the surgeon's gown, and is right-hand man to the doctor. Always he is kind and cheerful and patient, and as interested in the souls of his patients as in the state of their health.

Taboo. When we discuss taboo as it applies to primitive people, it is well to remind ourselves and the boys and girls that all peoples and usually most persons we know have some taboo. Some of the things commonly taboo among primitive people have come to be thought so for good reasons. The original reason in many cases has been forgotten, though the taboo remains. For instance, among many African tribes it is forbidden to tell a child's name until he has reached a certain age. The idea here is that the name is so much a part of the person that if an enemy were familiar with it he could harm the owner through his name just as easily as he could harm him if he had him personally in his power. That this idea was held by more than Negro peoples is shown in our own folk-tale of Rumpelstiltskin, where knowledge of the name put the dwarf into the hands of his enemies. Remember that for the early Hebrews to mention the name of God was taboo. Probably this too was because

they felt that if their enemies had the name of their God, he would be in their power and his people would be helpless.

Again, in many tribes each member has his own private taboo—something he must never do, food he must never eat—which was decided for him at birth by the medicine man of the tribe. His taboo may be that he must not eat chicken, that he must never kill a squirrel, or any one of a hundred things. Believing as the Africans do in the ill-will of the unknown powers of nature that surround them, what more natural than that each person should try to placate them by making his personal sacrifice all his life? Read the old Greek legend of Cræsus casting his ring into the ocean to break the constant stream of good luck flowing toward him, because he feared the gods would be angry at him for being so fortunate. Even the early Israelites were much more impressed with the constant anger of Jehovah than his all-powerful love.

Perhaps the most powerful taboo of all among primitive tribes is the custom which forbids the men and boys to tell what they learn in the "bush school," the ceremonies of testing and training through which boys are put when they reach young manhood. Any woman who intentionally or otherwise sees any of the ceremonies is killed. The strength of this taboo is not yet broken among the Africans of the Cameroun. Any American mother or teacher or scornfully ignored little sister who has observed the lure which "secret societies" have for the masculine half of society from the gang-age up, knows full well that this taboo holds sway among us all, Africans or Americans.

The difficulty about the custom of taboo in Africa is that it holds people in its grip even though the original cause has long been forgotten. It is part of the tendency to keep on doing things as they always have been done—to feed year-old babies on peanuts and cucumbers because they always have been given those foods; to blame some definite person for the death of anyone who dies of illness, because in our grandfathers' day the medicine men could always find who

was to blame for a death; to neglect if not actually to kill twins, because they were a manifestation of evil powers. It is the part of Christian workers to show the better way, and free the Africans from the intolerable burden of fear which for so many ages has made their lives hard and dark.

VILLAGE SCHOOL

“**É** *SILÉ ÉÉ* (Tra la la),” sang Edima, clapping her hands in an ecstasy of rhythm as she danced in the yard in front of the village schoolhouse. She was the mother goat, with arms outstretched, protecting her little ones, who were in a line back of her, from the leopard that was in front, trying to snatch her children. Of course Mone Ze was chosen to take the part of leopard. Mone Ze, you see, means Son-of-Leopard.

“*Ésilé éé*,” sings Edima again.

“Poor children,” chants the line of little ones, swaying, swaying to the rhythm of the mother goat, always being careful to remain behind and in the protection of those outstretched arms.

“Are you my very own children?” chants the mother goat.

“Poor children,” again murmurs the chorus.

“Leopard will kill all my children.”

“Poor children.”

The air is full of the clapping of hands and of the voices of the children. Turtle, the teacher, looks to see where the sun is on the horizon. He moves toward the drum, which is resting securely in the arms of a tree near the schoolhouse: tap, tap; taptap; tap, tap. The children scatter. This one runs to pick up his primer that he has left on the root of a tree. Another skips to get his woven grass bag, containing his wooden slate and pencil and his New Testament, that he has left leaning against the wall of the schoolhouse. Soon they are all

busy, some struggling with the alphabet, others happily reading from one of the Gospels.

"Looking at a water pot does not fill it." Mone Ze looked up from the ground where he was sitting, to see his teacher smiling at him. He had been looking at his primer, but not a letter had he traced on the ground that was his writing space in front of the schoolhouse. It was the wise young man who was his teacher. He had come to Father's palaver house, the day Edima was so sick, to tell all the men of the villages in the neighborhood that he had been sent to teach their boys the wisdom that had come from the West. Father had been thinking more of the wisdom that had healed his sick daughter than of any other kind of wisdom, but after Edima came home restored to health he remembered what the wise young man had said. That is why Mone Ze now had a primer in his hand, and why Edima was busy with her board slate and charcoal.

"Repeated rains soften the earth." Here was the teacher again. Now he was telling Mone Ze that if he tried he would surely succeed in tracing that letter on the ground.

Mone Ze looked around. Yes, his cousin, Elephant-Ear, had traced a letter. It did not look exactly like the one his teacher had traced, but Mone Ze knew that if he tried often enough and hard enough, that letter would certainly be outlined in the sand. Mone Ze decided that he had better begin to work. He was so busy trying to do his best that he had forgotten to watch the shadow of the schoolhouse shorten until it reached the place when the teacher said, "Loosen the rat and the ants will scatter," which means just what the dismissal bell means in an American school.

The children of the nearby villages had scattered.

Mone Ze and the dozen other children who lived two rivers away took the few potatoes from their loin-cloths, where they had fastened them about their waists, and baked them in the ashes. The sugar-cane their teacher gave them and the roasted peanuts they had brought with them completed their meal, and when they had finished they were quite eager to begin making the mud walls for the new schoolhouse.

The boys had all gone to the forest with their big brothers and fathers on the day when you say, "Tomorrow will be Sunday," and had cut rafters from the bamboo trees growing near the banks of the river. They had cut off the long slender leaves and tied them in bundles of the size the boys could carry. The boys themselves cut sticks for laths, and helped teacher tie them on to the strong uprights that would help to hold the mud in place. All week the men and boys had gathered together each afternoon to sew the bamboo leaves into mats and tie them with rattan to the rafters forming the roof. All was in readiness for the mud walls. The boys were to have clay dug and in a pile, ready for the mothers and girls to mix with water with their feet and throw into the lathed wall.

The boys had finished their task, and were shelling peanuts for the wife of the teacher while they waited for the mothers and sisters to come.

"Crack," cracked the peanut with each strike of the stick on its yellow head. One rolled from the pile to save its head, but Mone Ze reached for it with his foot. He deftly grasped it with his big toe and brought it back to the pile that was fast growing smaller.

With a shout, "They have come!" the boys dropped their sticks and scampered to the edge of the village.

Soon there was the squashing of bare feet against slippery clay, the splash, splash, splash of wet clay against

stick framework and mud, as big handfuls of the sticky mass were thrown in quick succession. The sun was nearly at the top of the hill in the distance when they finished their plastering. All that remained to do was to smooth the wet walls, and this could not be done until the next day.

"When the walls are dry we will whitewash them," said Mother, looking at the brown clay plaster that was a shade lighter than her own brown body. Then she said to the teacher, "Tell your pupils to bring white clay from the stream, and let all the gourds and pots be full of water."

"Our fathers said they would cut down a mahogany tree in the forest and saw it into planks for our school seats," chorused the children.

Again there was a clapping of hands and a quick dancing of feet to the happy, merry rhythm of

Who surpasses Father?
Te ke mỗt [Not anybody];
Who surpasses Mother?
Te ke mỗt.

"Does the sheath go and the knife remain?" said the wise young man, thinking of his own mother and father so far away. "Your parents cannot forget you, my children. You are the heart of their body."



BACKGROUND NOTES

Schools. There were no schools in Cameroun before the coming of the missionary. From their fathers the boys learned games to strengthen their memory. They were taught the names of their ancestors¹ in order, and the tra-

¹ One part of the marriage ceremony is the repetition of the names of his ancestors by the groom. Thus are genealogies kept clear.

ditions of their tribe. At night they listened while their elders told folk tales and cracked riddles, and as soon as they were old enough they themselves joined in the telling. There are now in the Cameroun bush village schools from three to five miles apart. The schoolhouse is built by the villagers and the school children.

Food. The recipes on p. 119 give an idea of the food that is used by the Africans.

Houses. See p. 7.

THE FOREIGNER COMES TO MONE ZE'S VILLAGE

ONE night in the village where Mone Ze and Edima lived the air was full of the beating of drums. "The foreigner is coming," the drums said. "He sleeps tonight in the town of Two-Ears, Two-Ears, Two-Ears; in the town of Two-Ears he is sleeping."

"Let your heart sit down," said Mother to Mone Ze, who was so excited by the news that his pole bed creaked in sympathy as he turned and twisted, longing for the morrow.

"Mother, there is a jigger in my toe. Please blow the fire so I can see to get it out." Mone Ze took a little piece of bamboo, whittled to a point, that he always kept in his grass bag near his bed and deftly pressed out the tiny clinging black speck of an insect.

The hen, too, sitting on her nest of eggs, seemed to feel something unusual in the air. She clucked and turned on her eggs, she blinked her eyes in the flare of the log, then she settled down resignedly to wait for the morning.

Somehow Mone Ze's pole pillow did not feel as comfortable as usual. He sat up. "Mother, the village is astir. It must be morning." The village was astir, but it was on account of a hungry elephant that had come to eat the juicy sugar-cane in Mother's garden, and the men of the village had collected to frighten it away.

Again quietness descended. Only the continued chirping of crickets and katydids could be heard until a great number of frogs began opening wide their throats, let-

ting out such a chorus of croaks that all other sounds coming from the edge of the clearing were drowned. In the interval, while the frogs were catching their breath for the next burst of croaks, Mone Ze dropped off peacefully to sleep.

"The foreigner is passing!" Mone Ze rubbed his eyes. It was the voice of the drum of Good-Elephant. The foreigner was but two streams away. Everyone was out of the hut. The thatch door was withdrawn. The light of the rising sun was streaming through the opening. It had almost found Mone Ze in his corner by the fire.

Mone Ze stretched. The hen clucked. The parrots whistled and quarreled at their feeding in the tall tree-tops. A dove cooed its song of peace from the thicket.

"The foreigner is passing." It was the voice of the drum of Hawk-is-Where. "The foreigner is one stream away."

Mone Ze heard his mother calling. He bounced out of the hut. No one was in sight. The voice came from the banana trees back of the hut. "Mone Ze, come quickly. Do you want the foreigner to catch you?"

Mone Ze had never seen a foreigner. He had heard his father and mother and Edima tell of the one who had made Edima well, but somehow he couldn't think of that man as really a foreigner. He just seemed like one of themselves, only wiser and more willing than most people are to help those who needed him. Long ago Mone Ze had heard his father tell of the foreigner his friend had seen. That one, so the tale went, was the spirit of the father of the Owl clan. They welcomed him because he was their spirit; but this foreigner—perhaps he was the spirit of an enemy.

Mone Ze ran to where his mother was hiding. Edima had gone further into the bush, where she was securely

screened from view by the tangled vines hanging from the trees and the thick underbrush. Her heart was beating so fast and loud it fairly made the leaves shake. Mone Ze could peek out between the banana stalks without being seen, his body blending with the tans and browns of the surrounding vegetation.

He noticed that Father was still standing in the street with a number of men. Now they had bounded away. Father was probably peeking around the corner of the palaver house.

"I have come, I have come," a kindly voice shouted. The foreigner got off his bicycle. "Where is everybody?"

Mone Ze risked one eye. Mother risked two in her great astonishment, when she saw what looked like the spirit of a woman stopping before her very own hut. Together these two foreigners walked toward the palaver house. Before they had reached it a hammock came along carried by two men.

"Set him down, my friends," said the foreigner.

Mone Ze forgot his fear entirely. He walked right out in plain sight to gaze at the wonder of wonders.

"Come on, Bobby," he heard the foreigner say to what looked like the spirit of a child. "We are going to greet the head-man of this village."

With dignified mien Father came from behind the palaver house and entered, sitting down in his accustomed place. If his heart had fluttered at the thought of the foreigner coming, he showed no signs of it now.

"*Mbôlô*, my friend," the foreigner greeted him.

"Ah, *mbôlô*," Father returned, clasping the outstretched hand of the foreigner.

"May we cook a little food over your fire?" The blue eyes were asking a question. Mone Ze was so intent

on the wonder of it that he did not realize what she was saying.

"Ah, father, she is asking you, may she cook on your fire," said one of the men who had carried Bobby.

"And does she know how to cook?" ventured Father. He moved to another place to make room before the fire.

By this time a number of adventurous spirits were gathered around the palaver house, trying to get a glimpse of what was going on inside. Mone Ze was among them. The foreigner came toward Mone Ze. There was a shout, a patter of bare feet on hard ground, and Mone Ze stood alone. The other children had fled.

"You are a brave boy," said the foreigner. "Here is a fish-hook for you if you will go to the spring for water." He handed the boy a galvanized iron pail.

Mone Ze's feet scarcely touched earth as he fairly ran down the steep incline to the clear waters of the spring, bubbling up out of its sandy bed and flowing over the rocks that Mone Ze had helped Mother place around it in order to keep sufficient water stored up to fill all the gourds of the village. He was glad they had done this, for now with one dipping he could fill the foreigner's pail.

"Ah, Mone Ze, what is that strange thing you hold in your hand?" Mone Ze looked around. There was Edima coming toward him out of the forest.

"That is a thing the foreigner gave me to fill with water for him. He says he will give me a fish-hook when I return."

"Ah, *nanegôk*, and does this foreigner speak?"

"Speak! Indeed he does. I can understand every word he says. He has a wife and child too. Just come and see." Mone Ze had filled the pail and was hurrying up the hill.

"Ah, my brother, why does he wish for water?"

"Come and see," called back Mone Ze.

The bucket was heavier than his mother's gourd. Its mouth was so large that water spilled over on him.

"Here is the water," he said as he lifted the heavy pail from his head and set it on the floor at the foreigner's feet. He wiped the water from his face and eyes before taking the fish-hook held out to him.

A crowd of people had gathered while he was away. Shouts of excited laughter came from the fire where many women were gathered.

"What beautiful eyes you have," someone was saying, "just like a pig's."—"Do show us your hair. Just look," they fairly screamed in their delight, "it is just like a donkey's tail."—"I should return to my town but I just cannot. I could stay all day and look at you."—"You are truly beautiful," and they gazed admiringly at the busy figure near the fire.

While this admiring group of women was gathered around Bobby's mother, Father was talking to the men who had gathered, and the children and Bobby were having such fun trying to make cats' cradles. Of course Bobby had a string in his pocket. The children thought him very clever as he made and solved the cats' cradles he knew. They had no pockets, but string was furnished in abundance by the banana stalks. Mone Ze went to his back yard, tore a strip from one of the many stalks there, twisted the strong white fiber on his knee, and soon had a strong cord. He quickly formed his cat's cradle on his fingers and held it up for Bobby to take off. Bobby tried again and again, but he couldn't take it.

"Kai, kai!" Each one was telling his neighbor to hush.

"The foreigner wishes to tell us something," said Father, who was leaning back on the wooden back-support that he had found when it was part of the root of a tree in the forest.

The foreigner stood up so all could see and hear him. He had a little black book in his hand from which he read. The foreigner and his wife, yes, and Bobby too, began singing. Soon they heard other voices joining in. They could scarcely believe their ears. Mone Ze was sitting next to Bobby, still holding the cat's cradle in his fingers, and singing as heartily and keeping to the rhythm of the tune as well as Bobby.

When the last note had been sung, the foreigner turned in surprise to Mone Ze. "My boy," he said, "where did you learn these words? And you?" turning to the rest of the people.

"Why, do you not know Turtle?" they all shouted at once. "He is in the school of the people of the tribe of God. He taught us when he was here on his vacation."

"Then you have heard about God?" continued the foreigner.

"Oh yes. Even before we were born," said Father, "our fathers knew this name. Nyambe is the One-who-made-us. There is a hill not far from here where they say he passed once. His footprint in the rock may still be seen. It points toward the big water. He left us many, many years ago to go to the tribes across the sea, and he has never come back."

"Ah, my people, he is still here," happily the missionary told them, "and he has sent Turtle and us to you to tell you the good news."

The people sat, every eye fixed on the missionary, drinking in the wonderful news of a God who had not left them nor forgotten them but was still with them—their God and our God, and the God of the whole world.

"I wish we might spend the night here," continued the missionary, "but we cannot. We have promised to sleep in the town of Mouth-of-the-Crocodile, and we wish to reach there before the sun sets. In two nights I shall

be returning this way. May I take Mone Ze back with me then to my town? He will learn of the things of God there."

"I shall answer you when you return," replied Father.

Mone Ze helped Bobby climb into his hammock. "In two nights we shall see each other again," he said to Bobby, holding two fingers high. "Two nights, do you hear?" The men trotted out of sight with Bobby.

Bobby's mother sat in her one-wheeled chair,¹ busy smiling her good-bys to the crowd of women running after the chair, their babies bouncing astride their hips.

The foreigner known now as the man of the tribe of God brought up the rear on his bicycle, trying to keep his balance as he carried on a conversation with Father, who hadn't heard enough of the words of God and was begging the man of the tribe of God to return soon to tell them two or three more words.

BACKGROUND NOTES

Receptivity toward the Christian message. "I have sometimes found a town in a state of preparation and eager inquiry through their casual meeting with native Christians. One day I sailed with the *Evangeline* to a town fifteen miles away. I stayed in the town over night. In the evening a large audience gathered in the palaver house. . . . They had been learning for several years of the Christian religion from ill-instructed natives, but I do not know that any Protestant missionary had ever preached there. They listened so attentively and earnestly that I talked to them for more than

¹ The missionary must go many places where there are no roads. He must often follow the trails made through the jungle by the feet of countless carriers. He has therefore constructed a vehicle which can go wherever the foot of man can go. It is a one-wheel chair propelled by carriers. See picture in African Picture Sheet.

an hour. Then being tired I went out and sat near by in the dark, but they remained gravely discussing what they had heard."—R. H. Milligan, in *The Jungle Folk of Africa*.

W. C. Johnston, in *Women and Missions*, April, 1927, tells of his experience when visiting in the villages three and four nights distant from his station:

"I stopped one day in a little village of a dozen huts, to be out of the rain. As I sat talking to a couple of little fellows who had been at school at the mission station, I asked if there were any persons in the village who wanted to be Christians. One responded that there were a number. I asked how many, and he began counting on his fingers. But before he had got very far the little fellow beside him said, 'Why do you not do it the easy way?' He said, 'How is that?' The other said, 'Count those who are not Christians, for there are only a few of them.' There had never been a missionary in the village, but the schoolboys had been spreading the gospel. Probably more than half of our seven hundred and eighty village schools have sprung up where some boys came from the vicinity to the station school and, there accepting Christ, carried the gospel back to their village. A few people becoming Christians, they ask for a teacher, they themselves building a little chapel for the school and a hut for the teacher. Here not only are boys and girls taught to read the Bible in their own language, but every Sunday morning the teacher has a Sunday school which is followed by a preaching service."

FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MISSIONARIES

On the road. Our trip to Efulen from Elat had some unique features. We had a great amount of trouble getting enough carriers, etc., for our caravan, as the regular workmen were on vacation. A makeshift road-cage was made for our little daughter Jean, in which she bounced along as comfortable and happy as the puppy for which the cage looked as though it was intended. My husband was independent on his bicycle, while for half a day I was the unfortunate one of the party.

My chariot was the usual one-wheeled bush-chair with which experienced chair-men whirl one along at a good pace. My men, however, had never pushed a chair, and found it impossible to keep me balanced. Our track would have made a snake dizzy. At noon, however, experienced men (found after we left, and sent after us) caught up with us, and from then on everything went merrily.

Another open door. We spent a Sunday at our farthest inland evangelistic point—a beautiful spot where there is a nice little bark church which serves as a school during the week, and has about two hundred children enrolled. At daylight we were awakened by the sound of the great drum which resounded for miles through the forest, telling the people that the Sabbath day had arrived, and that all must cease their labors and come to worship. Soon everyone commenced coming, for of course it was a great occasion, because white folks were present. A little company of the dwarf people came in to see us. They live far back in the forest, and are very hard to make friends with on account of their timidity. One of their number is Christian, and he wants to come here to the station and study so that he can go back to his people and help them. Another open door to service!

My chair-men are so faithful and good. Sometimes when I am all hot and tired and nearly fall asleep in my chair, my thoughts wander homeward, and I dwell in the land of memory; and suddenly I am awakened from my reverie by one of the boys asking, "How does God make it rain? Why does God make you white and us black? What will it be like when Jesus comes again?" And always, always they go back to that same plea, "Why do not more white people come to teach us the things of God?" And then I realize that I am here with a great task confronting me.

MONE ZE GOES TO THE STATION SCHOOL

I MONE ZE, am telling you the things I did and saw and heard at the school of the people of the tribe of God.

[Mone Ze was visiting with other boys of his clan and telling them of his experiences.]

The time for going to school was two nights away, the three boys who go there from this village told me. They said I was of the size to begin in the "class of children." Why should I refuse to go?

Mother had much fear in her heart because of the things she had heard were done at the town of the foreigners. "It is said that they give to boys the flesh of the gorilla, even, to eat it. Is not that taboo for boys, and do not only grown men eat it?"

My three village brothers showed her, by the strength of their mouths [that is, by much talking], that the bad things reported about the town of the foreigners were lies of the men who hated to have their boys go there to find real learning. So the next day Mother said, "Yes, go."

That morning I saw her walk down the village street. It was not in the direction of her gardens, so I followed, keeping behind the huts so that she wouldn't see me, to know what thing she would do. She went into the hut of our witch doctor. I hid behind it, in the banana trees. I heard her ask if he could make a charm strong enough to keep me from the power of the bad spirits who might harm me with illness or something worse. He said he could if Mother would pay him two fowls for it.

I heard Mother go away, then I crept close to the back

of the hut. I looked in through a crack in the wall. There was Strength-of-the-Elephant, our witch doctor. All the things taboo for other persons to see were there. How I feared! But must I not see what he did?

The charm he made was put into the horn of a small antelope. This horn Mother gave me next day as we were packing the cooked and the uncooked food, which was to give my feet strength to reach the town of the foreigner, into a basket made of the braided end of a palm branch. Not one of the other boys had or wore charms, so I put mine in the basket. Then we boys who made school all left our village by the short forest path. Mother carried my basket as far as the first stream.

We walked and walked, until two nights were passed. Many charms and fetishes of great power, people said, were near the villages, sometimes even very near the huts. For instance, Eyes-of-the-Owl, who was one of the boys showing me the path, had an aunt in the village of It-Swallows-the-Python. After she had cooked some food for us, Eyes-of-the-Owl said, "Why do you permit that big wasp's nest on this bush so near the door of your hut?"

"Why should I remove it? If a spirit comes near to do me harm at night, will it not first run into that nest and get stung?" his aunt replied.

"We do not believe in those walking spirits," said Eyes-of-the-Owl. "We believe the things that the man at the school town tells us. God, who made us and all the world, sees us and everybody, everywhere. We believe that God protects us."

"Those are things for boys, but not for old people's hearts," she answered. Then she cooked us some food.

We reached the big river. The house of the foreigner we saw from the rock where the canoes were. The canoe owner asked us to pay him to take us across.

We answered, "We go to the school of the man of the tribe of God."

"Hmm! Therefore you don't pay. Nyele bôt up there gives me a monkey to eat now and then. So my canoes are his and his boys mine."

That crossing of that river! I shall not forget it until no tooth is left in my head! The boys who were showing me the path got into the canoe. I feared. They held me and helped me. We all kneeled down on the bottom. I shut my eyes tight and held with my arm's strength the seat near me. Once I opened my eyes. I saw the canoe man throw a banana into the water.

"That is to feed the spirits down in the water so they will not take hold of the canoe and pull it down and drown us," Eyes-of-the-Owl told me when we were on the other shore.

We climbed the hill, and suddenly we were where there were many, many huts and houses. "Woe is me," thought I, "how can anyone ever know where to go in this town of the foreigner?" But the three other boys knew the paths and villages.¹ They led me to the village of the school boys.

"There are houses where we make school. Over there are the teachers' houses. Up that path is the house of the man of the tribe of God. If you follow this other path you arrive at the dispensary, the house where medicine is made. This house is ours. All boys from our region live here." Thus the three boys told me.

My eyes and head felt as they do when dizziness comes to a person. There were so many boys they surpassed being counted! As many as ants on a fallen piece of meat!

¹ "Village" in the African bush usually means only a few huts, so that an African boy would think of each group of buildings as a village.

We went into our house.

"You are late," the house head-man told us. "The other boys have taken the rest of the space. This corner is for you."

We cleaned our corner. One boy lent us an ax. Eyes-of-the-Owl and his brother went to the forest. They cut the sticks to build our two beds. One boy lent us a few sticks of firewood, another water from his gourd, so Grease-of-the-Palm-Tree and I cooked some food while the others were away in the woods.

Although I was as tired as porcupine when the hunting dogs pursue him, I feared to go to sleep. There were so many new things to see and hear. So I sat on my bed and watched the other boys. A long time after, I heard a loud noise. Someone was beating a big pan near our house. I grabbed my food basket and was about to run to the forest to hide, when I saw everyone laughing at me.

"Let your heart sit down. That noise tells us that we are to have our prayers, then put out our lights and go to sleep," a big boy near our beds told me.

Then our house head-man took a book from his box. He read from it. We sang. One boy, Ears-of-the-Antelope, they called him, made a prayer. Then we all lay down. While they talked in the dark, I went to sleep.

I was awakened by a big noise. It was that pan again.

"Why do they spoil our ears with that thing now?" I asked.

"That noise tells that the birds begin to talk. Day is breaking."

I took up our water gourd, filling my mouth with as much as it would hold, then let it run from my mouth into my hands and began washing my face.

"Don't let the boys see you do that, or they will laugh you to sadness of heart. We wash at the stream here,

and not as our fathers do in the villages," was spoken to me by a boy whose bed was near ours. I tied myself in my heart to give him part of the first animal I should kill and cook, because of his friendship for me.

Before we ate our morning meal the boys led me to the house of God where we begin each day. When we came back, all the boys were eating. I was hungry too. They told me that the way to have food to eat in the morning was not to eat all that one cooked in the evening. But they gave me some of their food, and that night I cooked enough so that some of it was left over for the next morning.

The big pan was again making its noise. Everyone took books and slates and the things of school and went to the schoolhouse. The foreigner! There he was. My own eyes now saw him.

"Must I go to him now? I fear to do it," I told Eyes-of-the-Owl.

"Not yet. School began a few days ago. We'll wait. I'll take you to him soon. You sit where the new ones are, over on that side."

The big pan again spoiled our ears. Then they began making school. They sang a song of God. The foreigner read and talked to us. Then he took a big book and read the names of the boys. I tell you, there were as many boys in that house as there are leaves on a tree.

"How can we do the things of learning if he must read all those names?" I thought out loud.

"Well! And do you know how fast the foreigner's tongue moves? Wait a small space."

As the foreigner read he asked:

"Odors-of-the-Elephant, your seat was empty yesterday, and why?"

"A snake bit Mother as she worked in our garden. Therefore I had to care for the brothers and sisters."

"Head-of-the-Forest-Rat, whose eyes saw you at school yesterday?"

"Ah, Nyele bôt, one of Father's wives ran away to the forest. I had to help find her."

"Heart-of-the-Leopard, did your feet leave any dust on our school floor yesterday?"

"Ah, father, can a boy come to school without clothes? My sister went on a walk. She arose before I did and took my loin cloth to wear."

"Tail-of-the-Crocodile, is there a boy here who can witness to having seen you at school yesterday?"

"Ah, Nyele bôt, they brought home the newest wife my father had bought. Can a boy refuse to stay to see who his new mother is, even though one already has six of them?"

"Hunger-in-the-Stomach, my eyes still hurt from looking for you yesterday."

"Oh, our father, had I come, who would have kept for me a piece of the python killed near our village after it had swallowed one of our dogs?"

"This school of the foreigner is not like the one in the village near ours," was the thing I said in my heart. "He knows where his boys go and why."

School was now making. Some of the classes had to go to the other house. The boys near us went out like the soldiers I once saw at the government post. Our company went out like the sheep and goats when one opens the pen door in the morning. Were we not all strangers to the things of school? "They will soon be better," the teacher said.

Eyes-of-the-Owl took me to the foreigner. "What is your name, and your village is where?" he asked. Now what boy can speak his father's name? Is not that taboo?

"He does not know the things of the foreigner," Eyes-

of-the-Owl answered him. Then he told who my father is, and all other things asked.

My name went into that big book; now I was a pupil of that school too.

"What is it? Are the soldiers coming to catch people?"

"Tell your heart to sit down; this is playtime," someone answered me.

They ran to the place where boards were on posts, and sat at each end of the boards. Then the boards with them on them went up and down! Others ran to the boards with a hole in the middle, which also were on posts. They sat on these boards, while the others pushed the boards round and round until all those on top had fallen off. A town boy gave me a roasted sweet potato. If he ever comes to our town, woe is his stomach, for we shall cook him such a cooking of food as he never ate before, because of this friendship.

And then came the time called "the sun bores through our heads," which would be to say noon. There was no school. Some boys went to gather greens to cook; some looked at their rat and squirrel traps; some gathered firewood. We small boys did cooking for the larger ones.

When the big pan again talked, we all went to the house of the foreigner. He gave us the things for working. Our company got axes. There was gladness in my heart. None would laugh at me now, for what boy forgets knowing how to use the ax? But those other tools of the foreigner—woe is me the day I shall have to use them. We trimmed the younger oil-palm trees. We could keep their small bunches of nuts to eat.

Stump-of-the-Ebony-Tree tore his loin-cloth while at work. He took the fibers of a pineapple leaf, then he made a needle of a splinter of bamboo, and he sewed that tear.

"We will now go to get our rations at the house of the

foreigner," the head-man of our company told us. "His house stands up off the ground on posts, just like that of Teeth-of-the-Rat, who fears leopards." There was a thing, to walk up to the foreigner's door. Myself, I did not know how to do this walking, so I climbed up on my hands and knees.

I found a big beetle. "Take it to the foreigner," our head-man told me. I did this thing, and he gave me a fish-hook and a piece of string. In my heart I asked, "What is he going to do with that beetle?" But my shame would not let me ask this thing of anyone. Afterwards I found out that he was collecting as many kinds of beetles as he could, and that in his country people kept them in great buildings and came to see the various kinds.

Most of the boys went to the river to bathe and fish. Eyes-of-the-Owl caught only a stick on his hook, but I caught a young turtle. We made soup and the older boys let us have some of it, although they gave us only the head and legs to eat.

These are the things of school I remember of that first day.

BACKGROUND NOTES

Translations. In the village schools and in the first year of the station schools the New Testament is used as a textbook. Versions of the Scriptures have been printed in two hundred and forty-four languages and dialects of Africa. In only seventeen dialects are there more than twenty-five books, including books for reading, study and song. In most of them less than five books make up the entire library. Many tribes are almost totally without the uplifting influence of Christian literature. (See *Bible Society Record*, November, 1926.)

Buying Bibles. "In his recollection of *Early Days in Uganda*, the Rev. Canon C. J. Baskerville quotes from his journal of June 22, 1892: 'I gave out in church that the Gospel of St. Matthew would be sold on Monday morning. I was roused up before it was light by the roar of voices, and, dressing hurriedly, I sallied forth to the—I had almost said—fight. . . . In ten minutes all the hundred Gospels were sold. . . . I opened another box of about eight hundred. I barricaded my front window and sold through it. . . . I should think a thousand or more people are waiting about, each with enough shells, and mad to buy a book; but we have none left.'

"This was over thirty years ago. The Africans are still buying books. During two years, 1924 and 1925, the British and Foreign Bible Society sent out close upon a hundred thousand volumes of Scripture to Uganda."—*Bible Society Record*, November 1926.

*Missionaries' houses.*² When the missionaries first went to Africa they lived in much the same kind of houses that the natives did. Even now in the pioneer work the houses are about the same. As one missionary wrote, "I have the nicest mud floors you could think of." As the work becomes permanent new houses are built, where the missionary can have some degree of comfort and protection from the insect pests. The following is from the letter of a missionary who had the responsibility for the new buildings in a station:

"The rooms in these dwelling-houses are ceiled and lined in imitation of panels with this mahogany lumber. The mill sawed the mahogany up into planks twenty-three inches wide; they were then hand-planed. This makes a rich and beautifully colored and finished room. Each building has a room finished in brown mahogany. Some think this the most beautiful of our Cameroun woods. The dispensary and all the dwellings are sided with a very dark red wood, named by the Germans the 'iron-wood.' When this wood is seasoned it is very hard, and next to impossible to work with. One would have to drill holes in order to drive nails into it.

² See *African Clearings*, Chapter V.

However, if used green as it comes from the tree it can be worked, but even then it is too hard for machine planing, so we planed it by hand, and nailed it on the houses before it got seasoned. The white ants that are so destructive to homes out here have never been known to attack this iron-wood."

Missionaries' hobbies. Practically every missionary has a hobby. In interior Africa some such diversion is almost a necessity. Making collections of rare beetles, butterflies, moths, etc., is one of the most common. One of the missionaries in the same station with the author has one of the finest collections of beetles in this country. Miss Jean MacKenzie, of the Cameroun, brought with her on one of her visits to this country a collection of nine hundred butterflies. Often there are regular market days when the people bring the butterflies, beetles, etc., which they have found, and exchange them for fish-hooks or other similar articles of barter.

School expenses. Boarding pupils work in the gardens, help to keep the station in repair and clean, help to build needed buildings, and in this way earn their board and often their school supplies.

FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MISSIONARIES

School days at Metet. The school drum first beats at seven o'clock, tapping out a warning to leave home fires and set out for school. The eight o'clock drum sends many little black bodies scampering over the remaining distance between them and the schoolhouse. Morning prayers are from eight to eight-thirty; then the three R's are energetically pursued until recess time, ten to ten-fifteen, when those who care to are learning to play volley ball. Others play with a couple of indoor baseballs. Still others play a sort of African edition of tug-of-war. The school girls work in the gardens in the afternoon from three to five, in return for their board.

The girls' school. The girls' school has had the usual two terms of sixteen weeks each during the year, with an average enrollment of two hundred and eight, seventy-six of whom

were the average number of boarders in the dormitories. The standard curriculum was followed, reading, writing, numbers, and practical lessons in hygiene for half of the morning, the other half being given to the teaching of the native crafts and sewing. The girls have made reed fishing baskets, bed mats, fish nets, panama and chip hats, pitch helmets and hats of raffia cloth woven and dyed by themselves. Sewing was taught in the four highest classes. The girls themselves voted out the usual mid-morning recess in order that they might have the extra time to give to their work.

I must tell you about my school. When the regular station girls' school is having vacation, I have the advanced school. There are twelve girls in this school. They come from the various stations of our mission, all from Christian families, but from many and varied tribes. We limited the number to two from each station, but of course the newer stations have no second-generation Christians as yet. Pupils were chosen for their characters and intelligence. We wanted capable Christian girls with whom to start the school. Last year they were here for one term of four months. There were fifteen of them then, but two were married during the vacation, and the third did not want to return without her town sister, who was one of those married. The twelve who are left are in every way the pick of the fifteen.

These girls live in a cottage which we built for them. It has two bedrooms, one on either side of the dining-living room. The kitchen is a separate building at the back, according to their custom of building. In the mornings the girls go to their garden, which is a little farther down the slope of the hill in a freshly cleared spot. Here they have planted all the crops a native woman usually plants. The planting season is past now, and their chief garden work is weeding. When garden work is slack they are expected to keep the weeds and grass cut in the vicinity of their house.

At ten o'clock on four days of the week the girls come for sewing class. We have a small school building of two rooms,

one for classes and the other for sewing. In the sewing room we have two sewing machines, a table, a cupboard, and a couple of benches for the girls who are doing hand sewing. They also work in the schoolroom, when they are sewing by hand. Last term, after they had learned to sew on the machine, each girl made herself a dress.

They are, as a rule, rather slow about their writing. Much of their book work is based on the Bible. They have had some history, geography, hygiene, arithmetic, and just now I am giving them some work in preparation for teaching. Each girl has a chance to teach in Sunday school. Half of them teach each Sunday, with the other half observing. I started at the beginning of the Old Testament. It is not in print in Bulu, except in parts. That will be followed up with the life of Christ, and the beginnings of the church with the life of Paul. Just now we are reading some of the Epistles for devotional study. Some of these girls are now engaged to be married to young men who are studying for the ministry, or who will be teachers in our schools. Their husbands will be leaders in the community in which they live, and these girls must take their places as their wives. It is my aim to bring them into such close contact with Christ that they will be able to go out and work side by side with their husbands for the advancement of the Kingdom.

Meanings of African names. Bible names have become popular for children. There are three Marthas, one Sara, and one Mark in our school. The native names were strange, meaning rock, leopard, kernel, little, middle, and street. Bitama Fombo, or "Let's see first," was the strangest of all. Her mother called her this because she had lost her other child. She means, "We shall see if this one will live." Something like sixty per cent of the children die in infancy out here. Names sometimes picture character. There is a man near here called Kulu [koo-loo], that is to say, turtle. The turtle is the animal that, according to the African, always comes out on top when the other creatures of the forest try to play tricks on him. Kulu is a chief, or head-man.

BABY JOHN

KNOCK, knock, knock. "Who is there?" asked Dr. Burke, who was just about to put his last foot in bed.

"Me," said a child's voice.

"Who is me?" asked the sleepy doctor, "a chicken or a fish, and what does he want?"

"This is Mone Ze. I have come from the village of the Cottonwood Tree. It is the town of my friend Turtle. His mother is very sick. He sent me to call you. She has a baby one day old."

"I'm off," said Dr. Burke to his wife, who had been awakened by the knocking. "Mr. Swan is going with me. Lead the way, Mone Ze."

It was the dark of the moon. Mone Ze carried a torch of bamboo strips. It blazed up brightly after each breaking off of the charred ends against the ground. As they neared the village they heard wailing. A boy black as the night stood revealed in the flickering light of Mone Ze's torch.

"O doctor," he sobbed, "go back, she has died."

The doctor thought he might be of some comfort, so he said to the boys, "Go on, my children, I shall follow you."

When they reached the village the moon was just peeping over the hills in the east. Slowly it rose, big and white, shedding its soft silvery light over the village and over Grandmother, who was sitting on a log holding a tiny baby in her arms. The doctor rode up to Grandmother, dismounted and gave the reins to Mone Ze to hold.

"Well, Grandmother, who will take care of baby?" asked the doctor. Grandmother shrugged her shoulders. She loved the wee helpless creature, but had not the witch doctor said that the baby had an evil spirit and that was why its mother had died? So, however much she loved him she would have to take the baby out to the edge of the jungle and leave him either to starve or for wild animals to kill.

"May I take the baby home with me?" Grandma heard the doctor asking.

Grandmother pursed her lips toward the palaver house. Doctor looked and saw the baby's father coming toward them.

"Ask the baby's father," Grandmother said.

"O my friend, may I have your baby?" The father looked only at the doctor. He could not trust himself to look at his child.

"Yes, take my child. What shall I do with him? He will only die," said the father sadly.

The night was growing colder. The doctor felt in his bag and found a nice clean towel in it. He took the wee pink ¹ mite from Grandmother's arms, unfolded the towel, and wrapped it around the baby's little body.

"Here, cover the baby's feet with this," said his companion, pulling off his cap and offering it.

Carefully the doctor lifted Baby in his arms and together they mounted the horse's back. I suppose this baby had a horseback ride at a younger age than most people. Not many children go horseback riding when they are a day old.

Once as they galloped along the narrow path the baby cried lustily. A smile spread over the doctor's face as he thought of John the Baptist, who was called a voice cry-

¹ The African babies at birth are not black but rather a pinkish white.

ing in the wilderness. "Isn't this a voice crying in the wilderness? We shall name the baby John."

"Margaret, Margaret, get up quickly. We've got a baby." The doctor's wife opened her eyes and saw her husband with Baby John beaming down on her. She jumped out of bed, quickly heated some water, and gave John a nice warm bath. Then she took a clean soft piece of linen from her trunk and wrapped it around him. "Tomorrow," she planned, "I must make some dresses for our baby." She heated some milk. How John sighed with contentment as he ate the first meal he had ever had. . . .

Nine months passed. People came a whole day's journey to see the baby the evil spirit did not harm. They stood with their mouths open, their hands uplifted, in perfect amazement at the wonderful sight of this beautiful baby gurgling with the very joy of living, and no amulet hung around neck, wrist or waist to protect him!

Mone Ze, too, came to see the baby. He had never known a baby could be so clean. The cotton on the cottonwood tree was not any whiter than were John's clothes.

"Have you come from the town of the people of the tribe of God?" asked John's own father one day, when Mone Ze entered his palaver house to greet him.

"I was there," said Mone Ze, sitting down on a block of wood near the opening.

Grandmother spied him from her hut where she was cracking peanuts. She got up at once, and taking her little shallow basket of unshelled nuts in her hand she stepped high over the threshold and walked to the palaver house. Entering, she sat down near Mone Ze where she could hear well. "The baby, is he well?" she asked tremblingly.

"Well, did you ask? I never saw a finer-looking baby. He is dying with beauty!"

"The people of the tribe of God are certainly different from other people," mused Grandmother. "They are surpassingly kind. Why should they try to save a helpless baby that an evil spirit had already possessed? But the strange part is that they really did save him."

"And my sister Edima, she never tires of telling how good they were to her," said Mone Ze.

"It is because the God they love and worship says, 'What ye do unto the least of these my children, ye do unto me,' " said Mone Ze's friend, Turtle, who spent many pleasant hours in Dr. Burke's house playing with his little brother John.²

BACKGROUND NOTES

Care for children. Nearly every one of the mission stations cares for from one to fourteen orphans all the time. Some of the children are cared for by foster parents. None but Christians are allowed to adopt these orphans, so that the children are assured the best homes possible. Foster mothers are taught the value of cleanliness and regular hours for feeding. Care of the baby is an almost unknown subject to the native mother. From the day of its birth the baby lives in spite of the treatment it receives, rather than because of it. See also the *Drum Call*, July, 1926.

Superstitions about babies. If a child is born after the loss of older brothers, when visitors come to see the new baby the mother must not speak until they have offered presents. If they cannot afford presents they bring bits of grass. All these gifts are carried on a skin with the new baby. See *Life of a South African Tribe*, by Junod.

² This story was adapted from a story told out of his own experience by Dr. Homer L. Burke, a missionary from the Church of the Brethren to Nigeria, West Africa.

Into a broken pot the medicine-man puts bits of skins of animals—antelopes, wild cats, elephants, snakes, etc., and burns them. The new baby is held over the smoke. The doctor makes an ointment of the ashes and rubs the new baby with it. He is then protected against harm from any of the animals. . . .

One must not say a child is nice and fat—this brings misfortune.

Twins are bad luck.

Each new baby has some taboo. This is discovered by his older relations. All his life he must not eat this, do that, etc.

When a child loses his first tooth he goes out in a field and calls, "Hloele [a small yellow bird], here is my old tooth. Give me a new one." And he throws his tooth into the air.

For further information on taboos see *An African Trail*, pp. 91-93.

FRIENDS

THE palaver house was warm and cozy. There were one, two, three, four, five, six pole beds that Mone Ze counted where the people sat. Two glowing logs end to end were burning on the clay floor between the beds. What fun it was to watch the fire flicker, and then, when someone threw a bit of bark or dry leaves on it, how it lighted up the faces of the people. Mone Ze was sitting near his father, his hands held over the log to feel the warmth. Father had finished telling his story.

Edima edged over to Mone Ze. "O brother," she whispered, "I am going to sit over there with my friend."

"Your friend? You don't know him."

"Don't I? Wasn't I in his *wasfita* at the town of the people of the tribe of God, and didn't he give me medicine every day I was there? I certainly do know him!"

Mone Ze wished it were day, so he could see this man better. If he really was the man who had been so kind to Edima, he was Mone Ze's friend too. Everyone was asking the man to tell a story. Mone Ze hoped he would. He liked to hear people of another tribe talk. Maybe this one would use some of the foreign words Mone Ze had learned in school. Then he would get a chance to explain their meaning to his father. Then the man began to speak. Friendship! He was talking about friendship.

"O Mone Ze, have you a friend?"

Mone Ze was startled. Was this wise man asking him a question?

"Yes, sir," Mone Ze faltered. Then, thinking of the great feast they had held yesterday to honor his father's friend who had come from across the river to see him,

he said, a little louder and with more courage, "I have many friends, but I have only one friend of my heart. I met him at the mission school. He and I have promised each other always to remain friends. When he has a banana he gives me half of it, and if Mother sends food to me in school I always divide it in two equal parts, one for him and one for me."

"I see, Mone Ze, you understand what friendship means. I know a story that shows very well how happy and wonderful it is to have a friend."

"Tell it to us!" was heard from everywhere in the palaver house. Even the dog, basking in the warmth of the fire, roused himself enough to growl his approval. Then the wise man told his story.

[Here the teacher may tell the story of the friendship of Jonathan for David, as found in *I Samuel* 18: 1-5 and in *I Samuel* 20, or, "How Jesus Described a Good Neighbor," being the story of the Good Samaritan, *Luke* 10: 30-36.]

"Jonathan was a true friend indeed," murmured the listeners.¹

"Real friendship, that," sighed Mone Ze.

"You say Jonathan was a real friend to David, and you speak words of truth. Jonathan loved his friend truly. But I know of someone who loved not only his friends but his enemies too, so much that he was willing to die for them."

Every ear was strained to catch the name of such a wonderful person.

"Jesus," murmured the voice of Edima, "the friend of my Doctor friend."

"Yes, Jesus," whispered Mone Ze, who had learned of this Friend of friends at the mission school.

¹ Obviously, if any other story is used, the conversation at the close will have to be adapted to fit that story.

PART II: THE COURSE

SESSIONS

WORSHIP SERVICES

SOURCE MATERIAL

SESSIONS I-X

SESSION I

Materials that will help. Pictures of tropical Africa showing vegetation and animal life—Illustrations from magazines (as *National Geographic Magazine*) and samples of actual products that may be procured at almost any grocery: peanuts, sweet potatoes, bananas, corn, pineapples, tapioca, coffee, cocoa, etc.—A globe to indicate the distance from Africa to America, and the large part of Africa which is tropical—Map of the world, and Picture Map of Africa—Newspaper clippings or advertisements of trips to Africa—Music and words of Negro spirituals, or victrola with records (see bibliography)—Loose-leaf notebook, large size, on which to write and paste pictures—Model or picture of an African call drum (see Insert Sheet and Africa Picture Sheet)—Written on the blackboard, several drum calls (see p. 6).

Story used. "Summer Has Come." (P. 3.)

Pre-session period. Encourage the children as they come in to examine the pictures and other material on hand, and to ask questions concerning them. Some of the handwork may be done during this period.

Introduction to worship. To notify the group that the time to begin has arrived, quiet music may be played. At this first meeting find out whether the children are familiar with the Psalms, the prayer-and-praise book of Israel. Let them recite any Psalms they may know. Comment on these, on what they express: joy, supplication, contrition, etc.

During the next few weeks we are to become acquainted with African people who express their emotions through song, much as the people of Israel did. There are strolling minstrels who sing of the traditions of their fathers, or of some outstanding event, to the ping-ping of their reed-stringed instruments. Mothers bereaved lift up their voices in a rhythmic chant, calling to the spirits of their departed children. Strong men make the woods resound with their perfectly timed refrains, sung in tune with the soloist, who improvises as he walks along the thread of path in the forest, his load carefully poised on his head.

What name do we always hear mentioned in the songs of the Israelites? We do not hear the name of God mentioned in the songs of the Africans. Why?

Mone Ze is an African boy whom you will enjoy knowing. You will find that he likes to do many of the things you like to do. You will want to be friends with him and with his sister Edima, and learn some of the interesting things they can do that perhaps some of us do not know how to do. Especially we shall want to share with them the best Friend we have, whom they do not yet know.

Worship service (see p. 93).

Introducing the story. Let the children tell what they know of the seasons and the signs of their coming.

Do all countries have four seasons as distinct as the seasons are in the central and northern parts of the United States? [Some of the children may have been in southern Florida, California, or Bermuda, and can tell something of the climate and plants and animals they have seen there.] Come over to the globe and see what country has much of its territory in the torrid zone. You will find on the table some of the kinds of food that grow in Africa. [Here pictures and samples of products may be passed around.]

I have been reading some stories about a boy who lives in this country of great forests and tall grass. His name is Son-of-Leopard, or, in his own language, Mone Ze. He is

just about your age. Here is a picture that might be of him and his sister, whose name is Precious Thing, or, in her language, Edima. You will recognize Edima by her gayly colored bustle, which is like a thick tail of dried grasses or raffia, and by her leaf apron. Mone Ze's garment is a strip of cotton cloth finished with a brilliant red border. Edima has often felt cold during the rainy season. It isn't much fun bending down digging out weeds with a short-handled hoe with the rain running down your back and your bare feet in loose soggy soil. But here in the picture it is November, the sun is warm, and spring is in the air.

Telling the story.

Suggested activities.

a. *Dramatization.* If there is time, the story may be dramatized. In practically every session suggestions are made for dramatizing the story. This should be done without any attempt at make-up, costumes, or scenery. For the closing sessions some stage accessories might be used but no attempt at make-up or costuming should be made.

b. *Making a drum.* This may be done at home if time does not permit when the group is in session. A miniature drum may be whittled out of a stick, or made of paper, or modeled in clay.

African boys do not know any more about our drums than we do about theirs. Perhaps they would be as interested in our kind as we are in the kind they use. Could we write a description so clearly that they would be able to understand? We might paste pictures on our descriptions to help them see what the drums look like. Of course we have so many different kinds of drums that it would be interesting to have pictures of more than one kind. The trap drummer would be an interesting person to describe, wouldn't he?

Our telephone, telegraph, and radio are much more like the African call drums so far as the purpose for

which they are sounded is concerned than is the drum itself as we know it. In addition to or as a substitute for the descriptions of the drums, the boys and girls might describe and illustrate a telephone, telegraph instrument, or radio outfit and broadcasting station. They might explain that these instruments serve the same purpose in crowded sections of the world that the drum does in Africa.

c. *Notebook to be sent to African boys and girls.* Ask for volunteers to write descriptions and cut out illustrations of drums, or to make drawings to bring in the following week. These may be pasted on the descriptions to be included in the loose-leaf notebook which is to be sent when finished to your mission board.¹ If preferred, individual notebooks may be kept, or, with a large group, committees may be appointed each of which will make one notebook.

d. *A special enterprise.* The teacher should get in touch with the children's secretary of her denominational mission board and ask her to suggest some special enterprise in which the group will be interested. The boys and girls living in South Africa, Nigeria, one of the English colonies, or Liberia would be learning English and would be glad to correspond in English with the children of "the States." If they lived in Cameroun they would know something of French. If none of the children themselves know French, there might be a brother or sister or friend who could translate the letter for them. In any case, the letter would be sent by the board to the missionary, who would then translate it if the African children could not understand the language in which it was written.

e. *Use of drum calls.* Write the drum calls. If de-

¹ Be sure to consult with your foreign missions board before promising that any material can be sent to Africa. If we send our notebooks to our mission board, those in charge will see that they reach their proper destination.

sired, they may be written in the African dialect; see music script, p. 6. The pupils might choose *ndans* (drum-call names) for themselves. They will enjoy trying to call to each other in the African way. The call may be drummed on a table with pencils or with the fingers, or it may be given by word of mouth.

f. *Work on African picture map.* The work on this map may be done by a committee specially appointed, or a committee may be appointed at each session the members of which will be able to tell something about the subjects of a designated number of pictures as they paste them on after coloring.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session (see p. 93). The plans should include that one of the committee should lead the service; also that another should either have the program typewritten, or be prepared to write it on the board. This general method should hold throughout.

SESSION II

Materials that will help. Pictures of a guinea fowl, a plantain eater, and monkeys—Pictures of a bow gun, quiver and arrows, fishing net, basket carried by girl, spear—Any of these articles themselves—Book or magazine article on driver-ants, with pictures and descriptions.

Story used. "Camping." (P. 9.)

Worship service. Follow the plan made by the committee appointed at the last session. (See p. 94.)

Reviewing story told in previous session. Recall two reasons why Mone Ze and Edima were so happy. How did they know the summer season was at hand? How did they find out that their father was coming?

Ask for the drums the children may have made during the week and for the *ndans* they have chosen. If someone has chosen a particularly good or appropriate *ndan*, comment on it and tell why you like it. This would be a good time, too, to comment on the description of our kind of drums written for Mone Ze. Ask for the pictures of our drums which the children have brought in, and let them select the best ones. If time permits, paste these in the notebook with the article, or, if any child prefers to make a notebook himself, let him paste any drawings or pictures approved by the group.

Introducing the story. Why was Mone Ze particularly glad to see his father? Yes, he was dreaming about going camping, and wishing Father would come so that they could really go. We all have such dreams, I think, don't you? Mone Ze's dream came true. You can just imagine how happy he was.

Telling the story.

After the story. Show pictures of the guinea fowl, Mone Ze's alarm clock.

Spiritual. Sing again the one used in the worship service, or a fishing-song.

Suggested activities.

a. *Dramatization.* Let the boys and girls dramatize all or part of the story as they choose. Usually they will be able to carry out a dramatization themselves with only a little prompting by the leader. Where the boys and girls are unaccustomed to using their own initiative they may need very explicit directions at first. The leader should put more and more responsibility upon them, and should aim toward the kind of dramatization which will enable them to bring out what seems worth while to themselves, rather than work toward a finished production. (See ch. v, *Missionary Education of Juniors*, p. 62, seq.)

The ability of a group of boys and girls to dramatize depends in large measure upon their understanding of the story. The leaders should therefore take care that the story is thoroughly understood before attempting a dramatization. The following suggestion for dramatizing "Camping" is given to help teachers and pupils to whom spontaneous dramatization is new. It is suggestive only. Every group will, of course, want to work out its own series of scenes and decide what characters to include.

CHARACTERS: *Mone Ze, Edima, Mother, Father, Handle-of-Hoe, Eyes-of-Pig, neighbors, boys, girls, guinea fowl, dog Mbôt, kunduk, monkeys.* With the number of neighbors and of boys and girls not limited, the whole group may take part.

SCENE I. Room in hut. Outside, back of the hut, the guinea fowl is giving its morning call. Mother hears and calls Edima. Edima rubs her eyes, and touches and looks

at her basket. Mone Ze blows the fire to life, and fondly eyes his bow gun which is hanging on the wall.

SCENE 2. Journey to the camping place. Father, spear in hand, bag on shoulder, knife in belt, leads the line. Mone Ze, carrying bow gun and quiver with arrows, toothbrush in hand for a cane, eyes the tree-tops as he follows with his dog. Edima comes next with her basket on her head, and a stick of sugar-cane in her hand. Mother is last in line, her back bent, supporting her basket of food, her arms put through straps fastened to the basket to help hold it in place on her back. Arrival at the village of Two-Ears. Handle-of-Hoe with her basket of food and Eyes-of-Pig join the line of campers. Halt to pick off driver-ants. Another halt to listen for sounds of game.

SCENE 3. Camping place. Mother and girls set baskets down on the ground. Children feel of their sore feet. Father and boys clear a space and cut poles. Mother and girls gather firewood and leaves, and cook the meal. Father and boys build shelter, Mother and girls go fishing. Before going to sleep for the night they tell one or two riddles rather sleepily.

b. *Construction work or drawing.* A round fish-net of string, with a willow withe or other supple stick forming the rim; a shelter of sticks and leaves.

c. *Notebook.* Have the children suggest what might be interesting for them to describe and write about. Some may suggest the telling of their camping experiences. Others might wish to write about fishing. Let them choose their own subject, illustrating with pictures drawn or cut out and pasted.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session (see p. 95).

SESSION III

Materials that will help. Pictures of Jesus healing the sick; of a mission hospital; of a banana tree—Cord or rope hammock; if a large one cannot be secured, a doll's size will suffice—Rope or cord—Pole or stick—Clay or iron pot—Thermometer—Words written on the board in the African dialect, or typed and mimeographed, of the chorus of the song, Jesus Loves Me:

Yésu a ngwéh me,
Yésu a ngwéh me,
Yésu a ngwéh me,
Ndi hala nyen me nyi.

Story used. "Sickness and Healing." (P. 15.)

Worship service. (See p. 96.)

Introducing the story. Show the picture of Jesus healing the sick. Let the children comment on it and tell the story.

God wants us to be well and happy. We are pleasing him and making ourselves more fit to do the work he wishes us to do if we keep our bodies strong and our minds vigorous. What are some of the things we can do to help keep them so? [Impress on the children by questions and answers the importance of clean bodies and clean thoughts; that the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit and should be kept a fit place for the Holy Spirit to dwell in.]

Men have been studying how to keep people well for many, many years. Some of them have given their lives to find a cure for certain diseases in order that they might help other people. [Mention the missionary doctor in China, Dr. C. H. Barlow, who risked his life in dangerous experiments to

discover a cure to help the Chinese.]¹ Do you know what sicknesses are prevalent in such tropical countries as the one in which Mone Ze and Edima live? [Some of the children will know of Panama, and why the French had to give up building the canal, and what General Gorgas did to make it possible for people from the north to live and work there. Bring out the idea of the service such men as Dr. Barlow in China, General Gorgas, and others working on the discovery of causes of diseases and their cure render to their countries and to humanity.]

Mone Ze and Edima do not know any of our rules of health. They sleep in a hut at night with no opening through which fresh air can come. They throw their rubbish right back of their house. A pot full of water to drown witches they think wish to harm them is always near their hut. How would you go about showing them how you think they might keep well and safe?

Our story today tells of a time when Edima was very ill and what happened to her.

Telling the story.

Suggested activities.

a. *Dramatization or pantomime.* See note under Dramatization in Session II. The plan given here is simply a suggestion to aid pupils and teachers to do original work.

CHARACTERS: *Mone Ze, Edima, Father, Mother, Father's brother, missionary doctor, wise young man, people going to and standing around the hospital, little boy with broken leg.*

SCENE I. Father in street turning clay pot upside down and looking at clouds in the sky. Edima, with amulet about her neck, lying on a mat on the floor, or on a bed of poles with a pole for a pillow, ill and groaning. Mother near, pounding greens in a hollowed log with a long-handled masher like a potato masher, getting up to give Edima water

¹ Reported in the *Missionary Review of the World*, November, 1925, and the *Literary Digest*, January 2, 1926.

to drink out of a wooden bowl, and bathing her head with wetted leaves. Noise as of thunder.

SCENE 2. Father and Mone Ze in palaver house. Wise young man enters and begins talking. Mone Ze goes out, cuts a banana leaf near the palaver house, holds it up over his head for an umbrella, and runs to where Mother is pounding greens and Edima is lying, her eyes closed.

SCENE 3. Preparation for journey. Father cuts pole and ties hammock to it. Mother prepares food and packs it in basket, not neglecting to put in a cooking utensil and ax. Mone Ze helps Father tie hammock to pole. Father and his brother adjust hammock to their shoulders while Mother picks up Edima, carries her to hammock, and lays her carefully in it. Mone Ze accompanies them a short distance and watches them as they trot out of sight.

SCENE 4. Caravan stops to look at elephant tracks. The men climb over a log with Edima in the hammock. They reach the mission station. Some children concealed should be singing a spiritual as the caravan approaches the station. They see lame and sick persons going to the hospital building. They follow and reach the hospital.

SCENE 5. They set the hammock down on the ground. Mother holds Edima's head in her lap. Father goes nearer the hospital and hears the young man telling the story of Jesus healing the sick. The missionary doctor comes out of the hospital and puts a thermometer under Edima's arm, takes it out, looks at it, and shows them a bed in the hospital and a place where Mother may sleep. Father goes away. Mother and Edima lie down. The chorus out of sight sings, "Yésu a ngwéh me."

b. *Work on African village.*²

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session (see p. 96).

² "Directions for Making an African Village," can be secured through your denominational headquarters. Price, twenty-five cents.

Closing prayer. We are glad, dear Father, that thou art the Father of Mone Ze and Edima too, and that thou dost love them as well as thou dost love us. They do not know that thy love is all about them so that they need not be afraid, but we wish they might know. Wilt thou bless the gifts that we have given. May they help to bring healing to sick bodies and souls. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

SESSION IV

Materials that will help. Pictures of African mud hut with thatch roof oblong in shape, and of village school-house and school children—Peanuts, and sticks for cracking the shells—Woven grass bag containing slate and pencil—Smooth board for a slate, and piece of charcoal—Sand table, leaves, sticks—Drum or empty kerosene tin, and two sticks with which to beat it—Words used in game inscribed on the blackboard.

Story used. "Village School." (P. 26.)

Worship service. (See p. 98.)

Introducing the story. Although Mone Ze and Edima were about your ages, they had never been to school. Do you know why? It seems very strange to us, doesn't it, that there should be so many children who never had an opportunity even to learn to read and write. And they hadn't heard anything about Jesus. The only God they had known was one of whom they were very much afraid. Our story today tells of their first school and some of the things they did.

Telling the story.

After the story. Game-song, Who Surpasses Father? (P. 116.) Tell the children that *Te ke mô't* means "Not anybody." Have the boys sing the question, the girls answer, and vice versa. Or divide the class, one division singing the question, the other answering; or one child may sing the question and all answer heartily, "*Te ke mô't*."

Suggested activities.

a. *Game.* The game of "The Goat and the Leopard" (p. 116) begins with the clapping of hands. Mone Ze

stands alone in front of Edima, behind whom are the rest of the children in line. Mone Ze, representing the leopard, tries to snatch the children of Edima, who is the goat. She with outstretched arms watches Mone Ze's every move, and sways from side to side as he tries to get behind the arms to snatch a child. The children clap to the rhythm. Edima says, "*Esilé éé*," clapping her hands. The children respond, "Poor children." Then Edima stretches her arms to the side protectingly and sings, "Are you my very own children?" The children respond, "Poor children." Edima says, "Leopard will kill all my children." The children sing, "Poor children." The game is ended when Mone Ze succeeds in catching all the little goats.

b. *Dramatization.* The story lends itself easily to dramatization. With a little questioning the children will suggest the different scenes, especially after having familiarized themselves with the game, the principal part of the opening scene, and the song, the close of the last scene.

c. *Model of schoolhouse.* After the description of the making of the village schoolhouse in the story, the children will enjoy trying to make one like it, either on the sand table or at home. They might make the thatch out of broad leaves fastened together with the stems of the leaves or dried grasses. This might be added to the African village.

d. *Work on the African village.*

e. *Notebook.*

You have heard today something of the way the schoolhouses are built in Africa, and something of the way the parents who become interested help. Do you think the boys and girls in Africa would like to have pictures of our school buildings, a description of some of our studies and games?

We might include in our book some drawings, or some language work, and perhaps pictures of you and your fathers and mothers doing some work together.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session (see p. 98).

SESSION V

Materials that will help. Pictures of Livingstone or other missionaries who have worked or are working in your mission in Africa; of missionary in a hammock or one-wheeled chair; of an African mother with her baby—Model or picture of baby-strap—String for making cats' cradles; possibly a picture of African boys holding cat's cradle on fingers—Words written on the board as follows: *mbôlô* (singular), *mbôlane* (plural), greeting; *kai*, *kai*, silence; *nanegôk*, an exclamation—African Picture Map.

Story used. "The Foreigner Comes to Mone Ze's Village." (P. 31.)

Pre-session period. Recall the drum names, or *ndan*, of the children as they come in, and call them by these names.

Worship service. (See p. 99.)

Introducing the story. Mary, who is your school teacher? Do you know how she happens to teach in your school? [Bring out that she is sent and paid by the city or town, etc.] Who was Mone Ze's teacher? Turtle was not sent by anyone, nor did anyone give him a salary. He had walked a hundred miles in order to reach the mission station where he went to school. When vacation came he returned to his village and started the little school we heard about last week. He taught the boys and girls some of the things he had learned, but he really did not know a great deal, as he had only been to school himself one year. Perhaps he thought that if he started a school the people in the village would become interested enough to ask the missionary for a real teacher to come and teach the children. In what

way did the parents show they were interested in the school? Turtle no doubt had told them about his missionary father at the mission station. Today our story tells us about his coming to Mone Ze's village.

Telling the story.

After the story. The children might familiarize themselves with the names of some African missionaries they have known or heard about. If the church is supporting a missionary to Africa, either American or native, show the children his or her picture. Get all the pictures and information possible about the missionary, from the pastor or the headquarters of the foreign missions board. One of the children may know a missionary. Let him tell all he knows about the missionary's work and bring pictures to class the following Sunday. If information is not available through such sources, show a picture of Livingstone and tell something of his life and works. Consult *Livingstone Hero Stories* by Susan Mendenhall; also *African Adventurers*, pp. 55-104.

Suggested activities.

a. *Work on Picture Map.* The picture of Livingstone and the lion, of the hospital and the school, will be particularly interesting for this session.

b. *Dramatization.* Let the children themselves work out different scenes, or use some of the scenes from *Livingstone Hero Plays*, by Anita B. Ferris.

c. *Making cat's cradles.* See if the children can make and solve the kind that Mone Ze has on his fingers. Have them draw or write about the cat's cradle we make here, and place these descriptions in the notebook.

d. *Notebook.* Give each a sheet of paper and pencil.

African boys and girls know about God only what the missionary tells them as he comes, only occasionally, to each village. Let us each be a missionary today, and write to

these boys and girls what we believe they would most like to know about our Heavenly Father.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session (see p. 100).

SESSION VI

Materials that will help. Picture of African climbing oil palm (see cover of April, 1927, number of *Women and Missions*)—Pictures of groups of African school children; picture (or model) of African canoe and paddle; of mission station or the plan of it, showing church, boys' school plant and girls' school plant, including school buildings and a couple of dormitories, a hospital and dispensary, three missionary residences, and the spring—Sand table on which to make a model of a mission station.

Story used. "Mone Ze Goes to the Station School."
(P. 40.)

Pre-session period. As the children come in, encourage them to look at the pictures and talk about them. Use the greeting, "*Mbôlô, mbôlane.*" When it is time to begin and you wish them to be quiet say, "*Kai, kai.*"

Worship service. (See p. 101.)

Introducing the story.

TEACHER (sings): "Who surpasses father?"

CHILDREN (responding): "Te ke môť."

TEACHER: "Who surpasses mother?"

CHILDREN: "Te ke môť."

What question was it that the missionary left with Mone Ze when he went off on his bicycle, saying he would return in two nights? Yes, he asked Father if Mone Ze might go back with him to attend the station school. Did Mone Ze's father say he could? He made no definite promise that day, but after thinking it over he was ready to say yes when the missionary returned. Mone Ze was so happy he ran to the next village to tell his friend Eyes-of-the-Owl, singing as he went along, "Who surpasses father? *Te ke môť.*"

Mone Ze went to the station school. The missionary was on his bicycle, so he was able to travel faster than Mone Ze who had to walk on his own two feet. But Eyes-of-the-Owl had spent one term at school and was going again, so Mone Ze had good company on his journey. You will all be glad to know that Mone Ze himself will tell us today about his experiences at school. Where shall we sit to listen to Mone Ze? Shall we sit as if in a palaver house? [The boys and girls will enjoy sitting on low footstools or logs, or on the floor around a campfire or around sticks laid for a fire, or, if there is a fireplace, in front of this.]

Telling the story. The story may be told by a boy impersonating Mone Ze.

Suggested activities.

a. *Work out on sand table a missionary station.* The children will be interested in locating the several buildings and the spring, giving their reasons for choosing the several locations. The missionary residences are usually built on a knoll or hill (why?); the churches at the places most easily accessible to the people; the boys' school plant on one side of the station; the girls' on the side opposite; the hospital and dispensary as far as possible removed from the other buildings. The missionaries are too far from Europe or America to get much building material from those countries. Where will they get lumber? Brick? They will teach men to saw and plane the giant forest trees into lumber boards. They will find good clay for the making of brick, and will teach men and boys how to mould and dry and burn the brick. They will teach them how to make door and window frames and many other useful things. What may we expect to find after the people have learned these things? The people will marvel, go back to their own villages, and try to build better and larger homes, dividing their houses

into more than one room, and letting God's health-giving light and sunshine enter through windows and doors.

b. *Whittle out a native canoe and paddle*, or make a model of one in clay.

c. *Work on picture map*.

d. *Notebook*. Let the children suggest what they will write. They might like to tell about their school; what grade they are in and what they are learning.

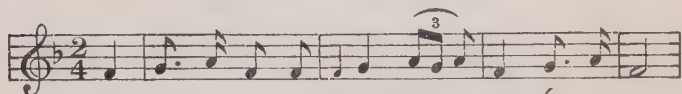
e. *Game*. The Hen and the Wildcat (p. 116).

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session (see p. 101).

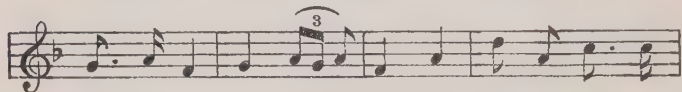
SESSION VII

Materials that will help. Pictures of the Christ child; of African baby carried by mother—Baby-strap, or piece of cloth for carrying babies—Cucumber or gourd (the African doll)—Words of the African Lullaby written on the board or typewritten or mimeographed copies.

AFRICAN LULLABY



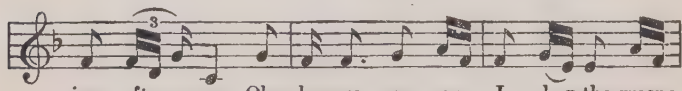
Don't pinch my ba - by and make her cry, É - - h,
Oh lit - tle one, hush - a - by, É - - h,



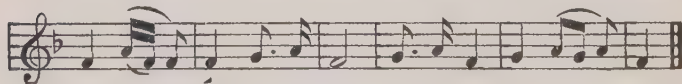
é - - - - - h. If I go to car -
é - - - - - h.



ry wa-ter from the spring, ba-by comes cry -



ing aft-er me. Oh, when-ev - er can I chop the greens



for sup-per? É - - - h, é - - - - - h.

Story used. "Baby John." (P. 52.)

Planning the closing program. If the suggestions for assembling materials for the various sessions have been

followed, the room should by this time have assumed a decided African atmosphere. Plans should be ripening for a final exhibit and program, or, if weather and season permit, for a picnic and supper. Some of the children may know how to sing spirituals other than the ones learned in the course. If so, a selection may be made for the final program. If it has been possible to procure as a speaker a missionary from Africa, or someone who has been in Africa, make the announcement at this time.

Worship service. (See p. 102.)

Introducing the story. Let the children tell about their baby brothers and sisters, how they like to care for them and what a help they are to their mothers when they do so.

What present is it that almost all the little girls we know receive at Christmas time? Of what are dolls models? The little African girl does not have that kind of doll but she does have a doll. She carries a gourd, which is something like a cucumber, in her arms just as lovingly as we carry a doll. Have you ever noticed how people respond if a baby smiles at them? Why do they always smile back and say some pleasant thing? We all think babies are the loveliest creatures in the world. African mothers love their babies, but if a baby is born and the mother dies, some Africans think it was because the baby has an evil spirit that the mother died, and so they let the dear little mite die too. How do we care for babies who have no mothers? If a child's mother and father both die and there is no one else to take care of it, what happens to the child in our country? [Some information about orphan asylums might be given, and of the adoption of orphaned children.] Why is it that we spend much money and time looking after these children?

Today we are to hear about a tiny African baby, a friend of Mone Ze's.

Telling the story.

Song. The African Lullaby (p. 82).

Suggested activities.

a. *Pantomime.* Let the children act in pantomime the scenes of the story. For the group that is slow to respond, the acting may be done while the story is being slowly told or read.

b. *Photographs.* Ask the children what they would like to do next for African boys and girls. They may suggest sending pictures of their baby brothers or sisters. If they have snapshots, these may be brought in and pasted on the loose leaves of the notebook the following week.

c. *An excursion* to an orphan asylum. Gifts of dolls or other things that the children have collected might be taken, or these may be brought to the class and sent or taken by some member or members. The children of an orphanage might be entertained at a party given by the group, or they might be invited to the closing session. Care needs always to be taken in a project of this kind that the boys and girls who are the hosts are helped to see that the orphanage children are just like themselves. Some part should be given to the visitors so that they will feel they are contributing their share to the occasion.

d. *Making a baby-strap* of cloth or paper.

e. *Constructing an African village*, to be turned into a Christian village. Ask the children what they think would have to be added in such case (church, public school, hospital, orphans' home, public library, etc.). A model of an African village may be secured from your denominational headquarters.

f. *Game.* African London Bridge (p. 117).

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session (see p. 103).

SESSION VIII

Materials that will help. Picture of Christ before Pilate, carrying his cross—Models or pictures of antelope and snake—Sticks or logs—The following words written on the board: *fok, bai, la, nyin, tan, saman.*

Story used. "Friends." (P. 57.)

Pre-session period. As the children come in, let them lay on the table the pictures they have to send to Africa and the gifts for the orphanage. The children should be given an opportunity to look at and enjoy the pictures and gifts.

Worship service. (See p. 104.)

Reviewing the previous story. Today we finish our stories about Mone Ze. What makes us feel and say "we" when we talk about Mone Ze? How does an African boy indicate direction? (By pursing the lips.) How does he beckon? (Instead of with upturned palm, as we do, he beckons with his hand palm down, letting the fingers fall.) A *makabô* is a tropical plant that has large, fleshy, edible rootstocks and is eaten very much as potatoes are eaten by us. Does Mone Ze's mother peel *makabô* as we do potatoes? (We peel toward the body, she from the body.) Let us make two lists on the board: one, the left-hand, showing in what ways Mone Ze and Edima are like us, and the other, the right-hand, showing how they are different from us. They are as interesting to us as we are to them, and if Mone Ze were here we should probably watch him as closely as he did the foreigner that day in his father's palaver house.

Introducing the story. Let us gather around the camp-fire in our palaver house here and tell folk-tales as Mone Ze

does in his father's palaver house. [Have folk-tales (p. 110) typewritten to be read aloud or, if they were given out at the previous session, to be told, by different members of the class. For the last folk-tale the story of the day should be told.]

Telling the story.

Song. What a Friend We Have in Jesus (sung softly).

Planning the closing session and exhibit. What do you think we should include in our program? You know we shall have as our guest Mrs. —, a missionary from Africa, who will speak to us for a few minutes. Perhaps before we go any farther in our plan we ought to decide whom we shall ask—fathers and mothers, of course; and shall we invite the primary children? We ought to write an invitation to the parents, and can we write one for the primary superintendent to read to all the children? We would like our pastor, too, wouldn't we? Now shall we list on the board the things we shall want to include in our program?

The list that the children make will probably include:

1. *An exhibit* consisting of (a) an African village (including the expansion suggested in sessions); (b) the African Picture Map; (c) the notebook; (d) pictures, curios, products, etc.

2. *Spirituals.* Sing spirituals that have been learned. Explain to the audience in what way these are like the songs the Africans sing (see p. 107).

3. *Dramatization.* May be worked out by boys and girls. See p. 89 for suggestions; but the boys and girls, if their initiative has been developed, will by this time have many suggestions of their own. If a more formal play is desired, *Livingstone Hero Plays* are suggested.

4. *African games.*

5. *Worship.*

6. *Refreshments.* Possibly those suggested by the study of Africa, such as bananas and nuts, or perhaps

those the children are accustomed to. They should be the ones to decide.

Committees should be appointed for all of these various activities.

Concluding prayer. Our dear Father, Father of Mone Ze and Edima and of children everywhere, we are so glad that Mone Ze and Edima have heard of the greatest of friends, the Lord Jesus, thy son. We are happy because we know that people here and in other countries heard of the need of the African people and went out to help because of their great love for this friend. Bless them, we pray thee, in their efforts to care for the babies and children in Africa. We want to have a share in these efforts, so that all the people in that great country may soon hear about Jesus, the best friend a boy or girl can ever have. Help us as we try to do our part. Amen.

SESSION IX

This entire period should be given to working out the plans for the closing session. It may be that some of the group, particularly those who are helping in the dramatization, will have to meet several times during this week. In Session X will be found a suggested closing program. It is hoped that no teacher will follow it too closely. The program is given thus fully in the hope that it will stimulate a desire to work out, in conference with the boys and girls, a program that will be based on the work which has been done by them within the group.

SESSION X—CLOSING

In the closing program it would be well to have one of the boys or girls from the group act as chairman.

There should be an exhibit of objects illustrative of life in Africa and of gifts the group has made. This should be very informal, and in charge of a group who will explain to the guests the significance of all the material.

African games might be played if there is time. Exhibit and games should take up not more than fifteen or twenty minutes of the visitors' time. The program should then begin.

Musical prelude.

Worship service. In charge of one child or of a committee from the group.

Singing of spirituals, such as Every Time I Feel the Spirit, and Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

CHAIRMAN: We have found in our study of Africa that the people there sing the songs we call spirituals just as Negroes in the United States do. Many of these songs are made up, as the Hebrew Psalms were, to fit the occasion. We have learned some spirituals sung by the Negroes in our own country which, we are told, are very much like those sung in Africa by the people about whom we have been learning. We shall sing one or two, and perhaps you will be able to imagine this resemblance.

Dramatization, "Life in Africa." (A more formal play may be substituted for the dramatization. See p. 86.)

CHAIRMAN: This afternoon we wish to show you something of the life of Mone Ze and Edima, a boy and girl who

are brother and sister and who live in Africa. We decided that we could do it best by making a play, showing some scenes from their life.

SCENE I. Stage setting: Platform arranged with two pole-beds at either end, with a campfire between the beds. Hunting nets, bow and arrows, and baskets hang on walls. A long-handled spear stands in a corner, a drum is in the background against the wall. Two low stools or blocks of wood or log are in middle foreground. A dog lies on the bed or near one of the campfires.

ANNOUNCER (one of the group): This scene shows the life of the African women and girls, and the furnishings of the hut; the way the women prepare the food, the songs they sing to their babies, and the games the children play.

The scene opens with two girls seated each on either side of the room on a pole-bed, pounding greens with a wooden pestle. The blows of the pestles are timed to alternate with each other. Each has a basket of greens (green leaves will do) from which the greens are taken to be put into the wooden bowl or, preferably, wooden trough. A girl sits on one of the beds, an ax or butcher knife in her hand, a basket of potatoes and a clay or iron pot at her side, peeling potatoes, holding the knife and peeling away from the body. Two girls sit on the two blocks of wood in the middle foreground. The one takes peanuts from a small round shallow basket on the floor and cracks them, throwing the kernels into another little basket and the shells on the floor. The other sits with her legs on either side of a flat stone, an upper rolling stone grasped in her hands, her body swaying to the grinding as the nuts are shelled. There is a leaf on the floor in front of the stone to protect the ground nuts as they fall from the stone to the floor.

One girl finishes pounding, puts the greens into a pot, pours a little water on them from a gourd or basin, adds salt from a dry-leaf packet, and sets the container on the fire. She returns, taking a few peanuts in her hands as she passes

the basket, and goes over to help her friend. While they work one girl sings, the others join in the refrain. A spiritual or plantation song may be sung.

Edima, carrying a gourd or cucumber doll in her arms, walks on the stage and sits down on the bed near one of the girls. When the women finish their song she comes forward and sings the African Lullaby.

While the girls continue to work, the rest of the class come to the platform and play the game, "The Goat and the Leopard."

SCENE 2. Stage setting same as Scene 1.

Mone Ze's father reclines with his back against a lean-back on the bed. (The lean-back may be made of a few sticks of wood to resemble roots of a tree.) Mone Ze whittles the arch or handle of a bow gun. Somebody else peels sugar-cane and eats it, letting the peelings and the fiber fall to the floor. Some of the boys warm their hands over the fire. Others lie on the beds.

ANNOUNCER. This scene shows the visit of a foreigner to the palaver house.

The sound of a drum is heard off stage.

Boys (excitedly): A foreigner is coming! We heard the drum of Good-Elephant telling us when he was two streams away, and the drum of Hawk-is-Where telling us when he was only one stream away. The drum said the foreigner had his wife and son with him. They must be near here.

The dramatization continues as derived from the story, "The Foreigner Comes to Mone Ze's Village." After the foreigner has read from his little black book, the girls sing, "Yésu a ngwéh me."

Address by missionary.

Prayer by leader.

CHAIRMAN: This closes our program. We shall serve refreshments now, and of course we want you all to stay. If there are any of you who have not seen our exhibit we shall be glad to have you see it now.

WORSHIP SERVICES

THESE services have been prepared for two groups: for workers who are using the entire course and who will devote at least one hour each week to the study of Africa; and for those teachers and superintendents of junior departments in church schools (week-day, Sunday, or vacation) who are deeply interested in missions and world friendship, but are unable to devote to such study more than perhaps fifteen minutes at any session.

It is suggested that committees or classes from the group be appointed to plan each worship service. These committees would meet either after the regular session, or in another room while the rest of the class was occupied in some other activity, or during the week. In a Sunday school each class with their teacher might plan one service. In order that leaders who have had no experience in helping children in such an undertaking may have the benefit of another teacher's method, the teacher's approach to each item in the services (hymns, Scripture, prayer) as she takes it up with the committee is given fully, and each completed program is offered in detail.

There may be circumstances where it would be exceedingly difficult to put the initiative of planning the worship upon a group of boys and girls. However, if it is at all possible, and even if the result is not all that is desirable from an adult viewpoint, such planning is to be urged. It is a most valuable part of the training in worship.

The leader will need to be present to counsel and advise, and to guide in the choice of material. Perhaps she will do this guiding more by presenting material of which the boys and girls have no knowledge than in any other

way. Certainly the group has a right to profit by her greater and richer experience and by her wider reading.

The leader in any case will need to be careful lest she do for the boys and girls what they are able to do for themselves. It would be well for her to keep in mind the test that Dr. Kilpatrick gives for determining how much direction the teacher should give, namely, "If our suggestions make any child to grow in dependence on us or aversion to us, then we are probably overdoing our active part. We should give the child a freer hand."¹

WORSHIP SERVICE I

For suggestions for material that would be helpful in giving the room an African atmosphere, see p. 61.

Hymn. Jesus Shall Reign.

Scripture. Let us turn to Psalm 96. This psalm urges us to declare our best friend to all people. Shall we read it?

Hymn. We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Prayer. Psalm 145.

Story. "Summer Has Come." (P. 3.) For introduction to story, see p. 62.

Appointment of committee (or class) to meet during the week in order to plan worship service for next session.

WORSHIP SERVICE II

PLANNING THE PROGRAM: THE COMMITTEE IN SESSION

As the course goes on, planning the worship service might be made more and more the work of the class.

¹ *Education for a Changing Civilization*, p. 123. William Heard Kilpatrick.

While the teacher will encourage the boys and girls to develop their own initiative, she must remember that it is her responsibility to present worth-while material from which they may choose, she herself to be always available for advice and help.

Building on the theme of the story for this session, the worship might be built around the beauty of nature, the boys and girls to make their choice of appropriate material. Hymns fitting into this theme are *The Spacious Firmament on High*; *This Is My Father's World*; *For the Beauty of the Earth*; *All Things Bright and Beautiful*. There might also be included a spiritual. The teacher should have several spirituals, both music and words, to show to the committee, perhaps singing them over and asking the group to choose.

The committee should include in their plans the writing of a prayer. This they may have typewritten or written on the board for all to read in unison, or it may be given by one of their number. Part of a Psalm might be included in the prayer. Again the teacher should be ready with two or more Psalms, if none of the boys and girls has one to suggest. Psalms 134, 121, 105: 1-4, 104, carry the thought of the theme.

The program when completed would be something like this:

Call to worship. *Song of Solomon 2: 11-19.*

Hymn. *This Is My Father's World.*

Scripture. Psalm 19.

Hymn. *For the Beauty of the Earth.*

Prayer. Psalm 134, followed with: Our Father, we too, like the Psalmist, thank thee for the seasons. We are glad for the gifts that each one brings. We thank thee that thou hast made this world such a beautiful place in which to live. We are glad that Mone Ze and Edima find such pleasure in

the singing of birds and the blossoming of trees. Help us to help them find the joy of knowing and loving thee. Amen.

Hymn (Spiritual). Lord, I Want to be a Christian in My Heart.²

Introduction by one of the committee of boys and girls:

We discovered when we were planning this program that the Africans sing songs very much like the spirituals of the American Negroes. We thought we should like to include a spiritual which people who have been to Africa say is much like the songs they heard there.

Story. "Camping." (P. 9.) For introduction to story, see p. 66.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session.

WORSHIP SERVICE III

PLANNING THE PROGRAM: THE COMMITTEE IN SESSION

Shall we think of our Scripture first? Who is it that provides for us? Were God to withhold moisture and sunshine and wind, would what we plant in the earth grow? How were Mone Ze and Edima provided with meat and fish? To whom should praise belong for provision for their and our bodily needs? Let us turn to Psalm 95:1-7. Does this Psalm express our feeling of praise to God? Shall we use it for our next worship program?

What shall we include in our prayer? [Use the suggestions of the children as far as possible.] Shall we appoint someone to write down this program and lead our worship service next week?

When completed the program might be arranged thus:

² May be secured from the Presbyterian Board of National Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Single copies, five cents.

Call to worship. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.³

Hymn. It Is a Good Thing to Give Thanks unto the Lord.

Scripture. Psalm 95:1-7.

Prayer. Dear kind and loving Father, we are so glad that thou hast provided food for Mone Ze and Edima and the other African boys and girls, in the great forests and in the running streams; and that though they do not yet know thee, thou dost know them. They are still waiting for someone to tell them the good news of a kind Heavenly Father who cares for us all. Let them not wait in vain. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Hymn. Spiritual used in last session.

Story. "Sickness and Healing." (P. 15.) For introduction to story see p. 69.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session.

WORSHIP SERVICE IV

PLANNING THE PROGRAM: THE COMMITTEE IN SESSION

Shall we think first of the Scripture we shall want to use? How glad we are to know that God put it in the heart of a doctor to go to Africa. God healed Edima through his servant, the missionary doctor. How did God work to bless and to heal when Jesus was on earth? What stories of healing might we choose for our Scripture lesson next time? [Let the children choose from the following: the healing of the little girl, *Luke* 8:40-56; the curing of a boy,

³ *Carols* (see bibliography) has part of the One-hundredth Psalm set to very beautiful and simple music. If the boys and girls know the music, or if they would like to learn it, it might be used instead of the spoken words.

Mark 9: 14-27; Jesus cures the daughter of a foreign woman, Matthew 15: 21-28.]

What hymns shall we sing? Shall we share Jesus' love for us with Edima? We might sing to her that Jesus loves her, changing the "me" in the song to "you," thus: "Jesus loves you, this I know." Let us sing the verses of the song in English and the chorus in the African language. Shall we appoint someone to sing the verses, and all of us join in the chorus? And afterwards shall we sing a stanza which speaks of Jesus' healing us now? There is one that tells about it:

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

[See Hymn in following Worship service.]

Shall we sing the kind of song that Mone Ze and Edima might hear in their village? The spiritual, Every Time the Spirit Moves Me I Will Pray, is something like their songs.

There is a Psalm that is of great comfort to us all because it tells us that even though we walk through the valley of the shadow we need fear no evil. What Psalm is it? Shall we use this Twenty-third Psalm as part of our prayer? What shall we change in it to include Mone Ze and Edima? The Lord is their shepherd as well as yours and mine. Do you like the Psalm changed into a prayer like this?—

Thou art our shepherd, dear Lord. We shall not want. Thou makest us to lie down in green pastures; thou leadest us beside the still waters. Thou restoreth our soul; thou leadest us in the paths of righteousness for thy name's sake. Edima does not know of thy all-protecting love, but help her and Mone Ze soon to know that though they walk through the valley of the shadow of death, they need fear no evil; for thou art with them; thy rod and thy staff they comfort them. Thou preparest a table before them in the presence of their enemies; thou anointest their head with oil; their cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow

them all the days of their lives; and they will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

When completed the program might be arranged like this:

Song. Jesus Loves Me (verses in English, chorus in African).

Scripture. Stories of Jesus' healing: *Luke* 8:40-56; *Mark* 9:14-27; *Matthew* 15:21-28. Stories may be told by several boys and girls instead of being read.

Hymn. We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps (third stanza).

Prayer. Thou art our shepherd, dear Lord, we shall not want.

Story. "Village School." (P. 26.) For introduction to story, see p. 73.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session.

WORSHIP SERVICE V

PLANNING THE PROGRAM: THE COMMITTEE IN SESSION

If we were to listen even a short time to Mone Ze's father or mother talk, we should hear many proverbs. If a child is naughty a mother says, "Living children prevent weeping for those that have died." If a child is impatient she will say, "Haste broke the gun's hammer." You noticed in the story the proverbs that Turtle used. The Africans say, "Speech without proverbs is like going on a journey without a squash-seed pudding in your bag." [See p. 115 for more African proverbs.] The people of Israel, too, used proverbs freely in their speech. Do we find any in the Bible? Let us turn to the book of Proverbs. How would you like to read some of these proverbs for our next worship program? [A committee might be appointed to select the proverbs to

be read. The teacher should have a selection in hand in case the group finds a choice difficult.]

Let us think about the things for which we are thankful today. [Emphasize thanksgiving for parents, and for our knowledge of a Heavenly Father. The group may choose one person to be responsible for the prayer. It should be written, and may be shown to the teacher before the beginning of the next session or sometime during the week. If possible, have the child give the prayer without reading it.]

Now shall we select some hymns which fit into our program? There is a stanza that I think says what we have been thinking about:

I would be learning day by day the lessons
My Heavenly Father gives me in his Word;
I would be quick to hear his lightest whisper,
And prompt and glad to do the things I've heard.
And prompt and glad to do the things I've heard.

[Sung to the tune, "I Would Be True" (Peek), p. 25 in Order of Worship, *Hymnal for American Youth*. Some other hymns which are appropriate are: Father in Heaven Who Lovest All; O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known.]

Would you like to sing another spiritual? Perhaps we could learn it so that we could lead the others. Or if you prefer, we could sing again, I Want to Be a Christian.

When the boys and girls have completed their planning, the program might be as follows:

Scripture. (*One of the boys or girls speaking:*) We have found that the African people from the time they are little children are accustomed to speak in proverbs. Some of the boys and girls are going to give us some African proverbs. [Here several different boys and girls might each repeat one.] We found that the Israelites also spoke in proverbs, and many of the ones they most often used are in the Bible. Some other boys and girls will give a few of these proverbs. [*Proverbs* 13: 1a; 12: 10a; 15: 1; 15: 13a; 17: 1; 20: 1.]

Hymn. Father in Heaven Who Lovest All.

Prayer by boy or girl.

Prayer response (sung with bowed heads after prayer).
I Would Be Learning Day by Day the Lessons.

Spiritual. Lord, I Want To Be a Christian In My Heart.

Story. "The Foreigner Comes to Mone Ze's Village."
(P. 31.) For introduction to story, see p. 76.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session.

WORSHIP SERVICE VI

PLANNING THE PROGRAM: THE COMMITTEE IN SESSION

What do we call people who carry the Christian message to others? One of the first authorized missionaries was the Apostle Paul. Like Turtle, he did not want to keep his new-found knowledge to himself, but as soon as he realized that Jesus was his Savior and friend he wanted to share him with others. Open your Bibles to *Acts 13:1-5*. Shall we use that passage for our Scripture lesson?

There is a spiritual which tells about what Jesus said to Peter about carrying on his work. You will remember how Jesus came to Peter after the resurrection and said to him three times, "Peter, lovest thou me?" Each time when Peter answered yes, Jesus told him he must carry on his work. The words he used were "Feed my sheep"—"Feed my lambs." Shall we look at the spiritual, Hear the Lambs a-Cryin'?

The children if called upon will probably suggest the hymn that was sung in the palaver house. As a second hymn Psalm 100, as set to music by the Rev. Henry Aldrich, would be appropriate: O Be Joyful in the Lord, All Ye Lands (*Chapel Hymnal*). If the children do not know this one, use their suggestion or any of the following: Father of All from Land and Sea; The Whole Wide

World for Jesus; We've a Story to Tell to the Nations;
God's Children Live in Many Lands.

Shall we include in our prayers a thank-you to the Heavenly Father for the people who told our grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers about him? And shall we ask him to help those who are telling African boys and girls about him today, so that they will know that God does love and care for them? Who will make the prayer? Shall we close it with the Lord's Prayer, reminding ourselves of what we mean when we say, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."?

The worship service when completed might be as follows:

Call to worship. The great commission, *Matthew* 28: 19-20.

Hymn. We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Scripture. *Acts* 13: 1-5.

Prayer by boy or girl, closing with the Lord's Prayer.

Spiritual. Hear the Lambs a-Cryin'. (This might be recited if the singing of it proves too difficult.)

Story. "Mone Ze Goes to the Station School." (P. 40.) For introduction to story, see p. 79.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session.

WORSHIP SERVICE VII

PLANNING THE PROGRAM: THE COMMITTEE IN SESSION

It would be interesting to see what kind of program the children would make without any suggestions from the leader. The leader would, of course, be ready to offer suggestions, and should inquire, some time before the day on which the group is to meet, as to the progress of their program. If the children ask for her help, she

might have in mind some such programs as the following:

SERVICE VII a

Theme. Thanksgiving.

Call to worship. Enter into His Gates with Thanksgiving.

Hymn. For the Beauty of the Earth.

Scripture. Psalm 145.

Hymn. This Is My Father's World.

Prayer. Our Father, we thank thee for all the beauties of the world. We know that thou hast made everything beautiful in its season. We thank thee for the boys and girls of the different countries. May we come to know them better and learn to be friends with them. We are glad for the men and women who have gone to Africa to teach boys and girls about thee. Wilt thou help them and bless them. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Story. "Baby John." (P. 52.) For introduction to story, see p. 83.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session.

SERVICE VII b

Theme. Service.

Call to worship. The work of the missionary, *Luke* 4: 18-19.

Hymn. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Scripture. Jesus' conversation with Peter, *John* 21: 15-17.

Spiritual. Hear the Lambs a-Cryin'.

Hymn. Master, No Offering.

Prayer. Our Father, we thank thee for the men and

women, who are giving their lives in service and love to others. Many, we know, are working in very hard places. Many are lonely. Wilt thou be with them all. We pray for the people who have never heard of thy love. Just now we are thinking of the boys and girls in Africa. Wilt thou help those who are teaching them, and wilt thou help the boys and girls to love thee and to serve thee. Help them to know the right. Make them strong to do it. Amen.

Story. Baby John.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session.

SERVICE VII c

Theme. Love and Service, pp. 37-38 in Order of Worship, *Hymnal for American Youth*.

Story. Baby John.

Appointment of committee to plan worship service for next session.

WORSHIP SERVICE VIII

PLANNING THE PROGRAM: THE COMMITTEE IN SESSION

The children should take the initiative, although the leader will always be available for advice.

The program might be built around the thought of the coming of the baby Jesus, using as Scripture the story from either *Luke* or *Matthew*, and as hymns some of the Christmas carols. A Christmas spiritual might be sung, such as Rise Up, Shepherd, and Foller; or, Mary Had a Baby, both found in *The Second Book of Negro Spirituals*.

The prayer might include thanks for the birth of Jesus and for his showing of God's love and care for all people. Among the responses to the question, "What do you

think we should include in our prayer?" will probably be thanks for Jesus, who came to us as a little baby that we might better know and love him; thanks for the missionaries who are in Africa helping to care for little children; petition that God will help us always to be ready to help little children wherever and whenever they need our help.

The program when completed would be something like this:

Call to worship. *Isaiah 9:6.*

Spiritual. Mary Had a Baby.

Hymn. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Scripture. *Luke 2:8-20.*

Hymn. Gentle Child of Nazareth (in *Song and Play for Children*).

Prayer. Our Father, we thank thee for Jesus. We thank thee for his life as a little child, as a boy, and as a man. We are glad that someone was willing to take care of the little baby we heard about last week. Wilt thou bless the baby and may he grow up to be a leader among his people. Help us to be kind to the little children we meet, and help us all to be more like Jesus. Amen.

Story. "Friends." (P. 57.)

SOURCE MATERIAL

MUSIC

WHILE the word Negro is not synonymous with African in our national usage, in music more than in most things the relation between them can be made clear and appealing to children. Every white child must share to some degree the current popular familiarity with American Negro music, even though he lacks the older generation's cycle of knowledge, which began with the "plantation" song (made for and of but scarcely *by* the Negro), and went on to include the "coon" song, the "cake," the "rag," the "blues," and the now general unrelenting jazz.

On the basis of this pre-knowledge the presence and instant influence of rhythm can be brought out. Through a few home-made practices it may also be amusingly conveyed. The beat of a drum, the striking of a note on the piano or on the string of a banjo, even the stroke of a silver fork on a glass goblet or of a pencil on wood—any of these devices will serve to instruct the children in the effects and variety of simple rhythm.

The speaking voice may also be made to illustrate it. A moderately gifted leader will be able to show the effect on the ear of iteration and time-pause almost apart from musical tone. She may touch upon the fact that the rhythmic principle underlies all music—the classic and the primitive choruses, the early litanies of the church, the general music of poetry. She may lead the children to recall the effect upon them of some "singing" phrase or measure in a fairy tale or folk story, or in some game they have played together. For whether one sings it or not, a refrain such as "Poor children," in the game set forth on page 116, becomes inevitably musical.

Now the voice of the Negro has preeminently this lyric quality, and not alone his voice but the movement of his

whole body: witness the beauty of motion of the primitive woman in the moving picture "Chang," which the children may perhaps have seen. "Got a feelin' in muh feet" is as impossible for any child to doubt as for an adult who has watched the clog of a Negro street boy, the strut of a youthful dandy, or the slouch of a tropic idler. Here in this physical and vocal rhythm is something only the Negro has, and we are never weary of watching it or listening to it. Indeed, in the sympathy between the races there is no more undisputed ground than the music which in the utilization of their inherent rhythmic sense the Negro people have produced.

Within this book no presentation of even the elements of African music is made. But neither can the importance of it as a source for friendly appreciation of races be ignored. A few simple approaches are furnished by the text, as follows.

The drum call. While the call drum in Africa is a means of everyday communication and not a musical instrument at all, plainly it is a rhythmic instrument and has power over the imagination of children. A few of these drum calls have been given on page 6. (There is also, of course, the African drum of musical use, as in the tribal dance, though the stories do not introduce it.)

Folk- or game-songs used in play by African children, as heard and set down by the writer, will be found on page 116, and games without music follow. It may be noted again that in games where no music is given but a refrain is chanted, the same lyric rhythms are found in the speaking voice as in the singing voice. The refrain is of course a characteristic of children's games and of song everywhere.

An *African Lullaby* has been similarly inscribed and will be found on page 82.

Finally, an instructive excerpt on African music and its relation to American Negro music is offered from the work of an eminent Negro musician and research student, James Weldon Johnson.¹ The excerpt follows.

¹ *The Book of American Negro Spirituals*, James Weldon Johnson. Viking Press. Reprinted by permission.

FROM THE *Book of American Negro Spirituals*

THE Negro brought with him from Africa his native musical instinct and talent, and that was no small endowment to begin with.

Many things are now being learned about Africa. It is being learned and recognized that the great majority of Africans are in no sense "savages"; that they possess a civilization and a culture, primitive it is true but in many respects quite adequate; that they possess a folk literature that is varied and rich; that they possess an art that is quick and sound. . . . Not much is yet known about African music, and, perhaps, for the reason that the conception of music by the Africans is not of the same sort as the conception of music by the people of Western Europe and the United States. Generally speaking, the European concept of music is melody and the African concept is rhythm. Melody has, relatively, small place in African music, and harmony still less; but in rhythms African music is beyond comparison with any other music in the world. Krehbiel, after visiting the Dahomey Village at the World's Fair in Chicago, and witnessing the natives dance to the accompaniment of choral singing and the beating of their drums, wrote of them:

"The players showed the most remarkable rhythmical sense and skill that ever came under my notice. Berlioz, in his supremest effort with his army of drummers, produced nothing to compare in artistic interest with the harmonious drumming of these savages. The fundamental effect was a combination of double and triple time, the former kept by the singers, the latter by the drummers, but it is impossible to convey the idea of the wealth of detail achieved by the drummers by means of exchange of the rhythms, syncopation of both simultaneously, and dynamic devices. Only by making a score of the music could this be done. I attempted to make such a score by enlisting the help of the late John C. Fillmore, experienced in Indian music, but we were thwarted by the players who, evidently divining our purpose when we took out our notebooks, mischievously changed

their manner of playing as soon as we touched pencil to paper. I was forced to the conclusion that in their command of the element which in the musical art of the ancient Greeks stood higher than either melody or harmony, the best composers of today were the veriest tyros compared with these black savages."

The musical genius of the African has not become so generally recognized as his genius in sculpture and design, and yet it has had a wide influence on the music of the world. Friedenthal points out that African Negroes have a share in the creation of one of the best known and most extended musical forms, the Habañera. . . .

Further regarding the musical genius of the Africans, Friedenthal says: "Now the African Negroes possess great musical talent. It must be admitted, though, that in the invention of melodies they do not come up to the European standard, but the greater is their capacity as inventors of rhythms. The talent exhibited by the Bantu in contriving the most complex rhythms is nothing short of marvelous."

The Negro in America had his native musical endowment to begin with; and the spirituals possess the fundamental characteristics of African music. They have a striking rhythmic quality, and show a marked similarity to African songs in form and intervallic structure. But the spirituals, upon the base of the primitive rhythms, go a step in advance of African music through a higher melodic and an added harmonic development. For the spirituals are not merely melodies. The melodies of many of them, so sweet or strong or even weird, are wonderful, but hardly more wonderful than the harmonies. . . .

In form the spirituals often run strictly parallel with African songs, incremental leading lines and choral iteration. Krehbiel quotes, from Denham and Clapperton's *Narrative of Travels in Northern and Central Africa*, the following song by Negro bards of Bornou in praise of their Sultan:

Give flesh to the hyenas at daybreak—
Oh, the broad spears!

The spear of the Sultan is the broadest—
Oh, the broad spears! . . .

Compare this African song with the American spiritual,
Oh, Wasn't Dat a Wide Ribber:

Oh, de Ribber of Jordan is deep and wide,
One mo' ribber to cross.
I don't know how to get on de other side,
One mo' ribber to cross. . . .

A study of the spirituals leads to the belief that the earlier ones were built upon the form so common to African songs, leading lines and response. It would be safe, I think, to say that the bulk of the spirituals are cast in this simple form. Among those following this simple structure, however, are some of the most beautiful of the slave songs. One of these, whose beauty is unsurpassed, is *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, which is constructed to be sung in the following manner:

LEADER: *Swing low, sweet chariot,*
CONGREGATION: *Comin' for to carry me home. . . .*

The solitary voice of the leader is answered by a sound like a rolling sea. The effect produced is strangely moving. . . .

But as the American Negro went a step beyond his original African music in the development of melody and harmony, he also went a step beyond in the development of form. . . .

—*James Weldon Johnson.*

FOLKLORE: FABLES

TURTLE SURPASSES MAN IN INGENUITY

It happened thus. Man, whose name was Zomeyo Mebe'e, had a daughter. Now Man said thus: "No one can ever offer me a dowry and marry this daughter of mine for it. She may only be married by the man who brings me water from the stream in a basket." So all men tried to win her in this manner but all failed.

At last came Turtle one day to Man, saying, "I have come to marry your daughter." Man answered, "Go, fetch me basketfuls of water from the stream."

So Turtle made himself a basket. This basket he took to the stream, where he dipped it into the water. Then he called a child of that village, Man's child it was, and said to him, "Go, tell your father, if he wishes me to carry to him this basketful of water, he must make and bring to me a carrying-strap of smoke." But Man tired of trying to make the carrying-strap of smoke, saying at last, "Turtle, you have surpassed me in ingenuity. Come, take and marry my daughter!" So Turtle married Man's daughter. Then lived Turtle and Man many days in great friendship, because Turtle had won Man's daughter by his surpassing ingenuity.

HOW SMALL ANTELOPE GOT HIS LANGUAGE

It happened thus. Small Antelope left his village, saying, "I have a desire to go on a walk to see Leopard." So he started out, and at last reached Leopard's village. Here he learned that Leopard was out fishing. Small Antelope said to the villagers, "I myself have great hunger."

When Leopard returned from his fishing he met Small Antelope. Then he called to his wife, saying to her, "There is a

guest in my palaver house." Then went his wife and peeled plantains, which she put into a cooking pot together with some fish. She also took a charm which she put in with the other things. When the food had finished cooking, she took it from the fire and set it before Leopard. He in turn set it before Small Antelope, who began at once to eat. As he was very hungry, he kept repeating the word "Zam," thus: "Zam, zam, zam." No other word did he say but "Zam, zam, zam," never even thanking his host Leopard for his kindness. So Leopard cursed him with a great curse, saying, "That will be your language for all the days to come."

And so it happens that the ungrateful tribe of Small Antelope has no other language but "Zam, zam, zam," even unto this day.

MOLE AND LEMUR

LEMUR and Mole went out into the forest to camp. While they were out there one day, Mole said to Lemur, "Lemur, I am going for a walk in the forest. You keep your eyes on the path I am taking, and don't you dare look anywhere else. If you do and I lose my way, you and I will have a palaver when I return." So Lemur looked along the path Mole had taken, and kept looking and looking till his eyes seemed to be starting from his head, yes, even till they were the size of a man's hand. When Mole returned from his going, he found Lemur's eyes large and sticking out. Mole said, "What is this I see?" Lemur answered, "You, you are the cause of this!"

Then it happened one day that Lemur said to Mole, "Mole, this day I am going to walk a walk in the forest. You stay here to take care of the coals of fire I brought from our village. Keep blowing them lest they go out." So Mole stayed at home and kept blowing the coals. He blew and blew until his lips lengthened out into a snout. Also the sparks he blew fell on his back and singed his hair, covering his body with a bad odor.

Thus it was that Mole caused Lemur to get his large

saucer eyes, and Lemur caused Mole to get a snout for a mouth and evil odor to his body.

WHY THE VINES ARE HOLDING AND CHOKING THE FOREST TREES

THE Trees and the Vines were together in the palaver house. As they talked the Trees said, "Let us borrow nets and go on a hunt to kill game." The Vines agreed. So they got their nets and went out into the forest to hunt. They set up the nets, then drove in the game, killing a hundred animals.

The Trees then went apart, and after consultation returned and said, "We are more numerous than you, therefore we should get more game." The Vines said, "No, we are the more numerous." Then the division of the animals began. The Trees took seventy of them. The Vines said, "No, not so; we are to get fifty, and you fifty."

The Trees still objecting and making trouble, the Vines went to the Trees of the tribe called Mbenga, this tribe having refused to join in the hunt. They found the Mbenga at home. They asked them, "Is it just that if you had gone hunting with us and we had killed a hundred animals together, you should take seventy and leave us with thirty, our party being as numerous as yours?"

Father Mbenga-Tree, after he had counted both sides in the dispute, cut the palaver thus: Each side was to receive fifty animals, the Trees fifty and the Vines fifty. Then the Vines being angry, each Vine seized a Tree about the trunk, where they are still holding them to this day; yes, all except the Trees of the tribe of Mbenga, because they were just in cutting the palaver. Of all the forest Trees they alone are left without Vines holding them fast.

HOW BAT THREW ELEPHANT IN WRESTLING

It happened that Elephant and all the beasts of the forest held a great wrestling match. Elephant threw them all, his

strength being surpassingly great. At last Bat, who had come late, said, "Now Elephant and I will wrestle." To this all the other beasts replied, "You! And can you wrestle with Elephant? Does he not surpass us all in size?" Bat replied, "I'll try it."

Elephant then came out on to the path, where Bat challenged him. Elephant said, "You are surpassingly small for me to wrestle with you." Bat said, "Come on, I'll wrestle with you." Then they grappled. Bat flew into Elephant's ear, where he violently beat and flapped his wings. Elephant heard a great rattling and commotion in his ear. He also felt much pain there. Then great fear came into his heart. He fell to the ground with the pain of it all and rubbed his ear on the hard earth. Upon this, all the other animals said, "You have fallen, you lose!"

So it was that Bat surpassed all the other beasts in strength, because he alone could throw Elephant.

SNAKE AND ANTELOPE

SNAKE and Antelope were bosom friends. One day Snake invited Antelope to come to his village to visit him. Antelope left his home at the foot of a giant forest tree, very happy in the thought of seeing his friend again. He skipped along, jumping gracefully over stumps and stones and roots in the great forest, but when he reached the open path he ran so fast he looked like a tiny grey streak against the wall of green forest.

"I have come," said Antelope, greeting friend Snake, who was busy with the preparation of the great feast he was making for his friend.

"What news from your town?" politely queried Snake, leaving a cola nut in his friend's hand when he shook it in greeting.

"We walk warily in the forest these days," answered Antelope. "My baby fell into a pit."

Snake excused himself and went out of the palaver house. He disappeared in a hut. There he took off his skin and cut

it into small pieces. He wrapped them in a leaf and took them to his wife to cook. Antelope sniffed the air. Soon Snake's wife brought the steaming pots of food to her husband. Her husband set them before his friend. "Eat, O friend of my heart, eat! The food is before you."

Antelope began on the pot of soup first. It tasted so good that he ate and ate until there was nothing left in the bottom of the pot. "O friend Snake, tell me what kind of meat you have boiled in this pot. It tasted so good I ate it all up."

"That is my own skin," replied Snake. "I went to the forest this morning to kill some meat for our feast, but I came across nothing, so I gave you my skin."

Not many days later Antelope invited his friend Snake to his village. Luckily no one saw him as he glided through the grass at the side of the path and into the thick underbrush of the forest. It wasn't long before he arrived at the village of his friend.

Friend Antelope sat in his palaver house, a pucker on his brow. There were many pots of food steaming on the fires in the hut and in the yard in front of the hut, but one thing was lacking. Antelope had hunted all day. He had set his traps in the forest and near the garden, but no meat had he found to cook for his friend.

"Excuse me." Antelope jumped up and went into his hut. He called his children. "O my children, I feel great shame in my heart because I have no meat to give friend Snake. Here is a knife," handing his hunting knife to his eldest son, "take off my skin. I shall cook that."

"But, Father, you will die if we take off your skin!"

"Shall I do less for my friend than he did for me?" said Father. "He took off his skin and cooked it, that I might have meat when he could get meat no other way. So he shall have my skin to eat."

FOLKLORE: PROVERBS

Haste breaks the gun's hammer.

The river flows on, the rocks remain.

The sky is not far, but it is a difficult climb.

The crab spoiled the dance with his many legs.

A person cannot have his hut in two towns.

The dwarf who never killed any game rejoiced when he bagged a mouse.

A person does not peek into a leopard's den.

Much calling does not get you across the river.

One does not point the finger at an elephant.

One hand cannot bind a bundle.

Parrot screeches; it forgets its brain.

Talking a palaver without proverbs is like spearing an animal with a sharpened palm-rib.

Talking a palaver without proverbs is like going on a journey without a squash-seed pudding in your bag.

FOLKLORE: GAMES

THE GOAT AND THE LEOPARD

Refrain

É - si - lé é, Poor chil - dren,
É - si - lé é, Poor chil - dren,

Refrain

Are you my very own children? Poor chil-dren.
Leopard will kill all my children. Poor chil-dren.

WHO SURPASSES FATHER

Who sur - pass - es fa - ther? Te ke môť.

Who sur - pass - es moth - er? Te ke môť.

For directions for playing these games see p. 73.

THE HEN AND THE WILDCAT

From among the players one is chosen to be the hen and another the wildcat. The hen, clucking, leads her brood (the rest of the children). The cat from ambush springs out upon them, and may catch any chick who does not drop at the mother's warning.

NGEK (*name of the fruit with which the game is played*)

This game is played by boys only. A hard, melon-shaped fruit is thrown and speared while in motion. Pointed sticks are used for spearing. The boys stand in line, about a yard apart.

ON NJOK (*the suspended spear-trap for killing elephants*)

This game is a modified version of London Bridge. A mother and her children file under the arms of two players. The child caught is drawn aside to make a choice between a gourd of palm oil and a gourd of *ajap* oil. The children are caught and ranged on sides until only the mother and the one who is now called the only child remain. These two run away from the group, concealing themselves behind some tree or bush. The mother sallies forth from time to time and tosses a handful of grass toward the group who ask her in chorus:

"How big is the only child now?"

"The only child creeps," says the mother.

"*Hé é é!*" sings the chorus as if astonished at the news.

"How old is the only child now?"

"The only child walks."

"*Hé é é!*"

"How old is the only child now?"

"The only child is a young girl."

"*Hé é é!*"

The chorus continues to ask and voice its approval to the replies of the mother that the only child has a sweetheart, is married, and has a baby. The mother now becomes the grandmother, and is asked questions about the child of the only child:

"How old is the child of the only child now?"

"The child of the only child creeps."

"*Hé é é!*"

The child of the only child walks, he sets traps, he has killed a little antelope, he has killed a big antelope, he has

killed an elephant. After the last "*Hé é é*" the chorus disintegrates. One after another comes to beg a piece of elephant meat from the child of the only child, who emerges from hiding. One after another is refused, until that one comes who pleases the child of the only child. He gives her a piece of elephant meat for a sign that she is his sweetheart. They run away, and the entire company runs after them trying to catch them.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

BOMBÔ (CORN BREAD)

Grate ripe fresh corn from the cob, add salt to taste, and ground peanuts. Tie in a leaf or in a paper bag and steam.

KPWET (CORN SOUP)

Six ears young corn, one quart water, salt, and pepper. Grate the corn, add the water and strain. Add salt and pepper and cook, stirring constantly until it is thick.

MAKALA (FRITTERS)

One cup mashed bananas or cooked and mashed ripe plantain, one cup grated *taro* or potatoes, half teaspoonful of salt. Mix and mold. Fry in deep oil.

MFIANG ÔWÔNDÔ (PEANUT SOUP)

Mix finely ground peanuts with a little cold water. Stir slowly into boiling salted water. Cook thoroughly until of the consistency of thick cream. Add seasoning.

NAM ÔWÔNDÔ (STEAMED PEANUTS)

Shell and roast the peanuts, and grind very fine. Moisten with boiling water, add seasoning, mix well. Tie in a leaf or paper bag, and steam or put in a pan over the fire and stir constantly until oil appears. This may be eaten with squash prepared as follows:

ABOK (SQUASH)

Quarter the squash and steam until tender. Remove the seeds and fibrous part adhering, and eat from the rind.

KUP (CHICKEN)

To stewed chicken add one cup of finely ground peanuts, moistening the peanuts with cold water and adding them to the simmering chicken when it is tender. Cook the peanuts until the consistency of cream. Serve the chicken and peanut gravy in the same dish.

KPWEM (GREENS)

Cut the greens fine. Boil soft. Moisten ground peanuts with a little cold water, and add, mashing and stirring the greens constantly until the water is absorbed and the peanuts are done. Season with salt and red peppers. Instead of the peanuts, palm oil may be added.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION—GLOSSARY

a is like a in ah.
e is like e in let.
e is also like u in but.
é is like a in hay.
i is like e in eat.
o is like aw in awl.
ô is like o in so.
u is like u in use.

Mone Ze, Maw-ne Ze (e in both cases as in let).

Edima, E-dee'-ma.

Mbita, M-bee'-ta (m slightly sounded).

ésilé éé, é-si-lé (accent on third syllable) é é—tra la la.

ké, kay—an exclamation.

kai, kah-ee—silence.

makabô, ma-ka'-bô—leafy vegetable.

sôngô, sōwn-gō—a game.

mbôlô, m-bô-lô—a greeting.

nanegôk, nawn-e-gōk—an exclamation.

nyele bôt—teacher.

fok, fawk—one.

bai, bah-ee—two.

la, lah—three.

nyin, n-yeen—four.

tan—five.

saman, sa-man—six.

zang bwa—seven.

nwom, n-gwom—eight.

ébu, ay-bu—nine.

awôm, a-wôm—ten.

te ke môť, e in both cases as u in but, môť as mote—not anybody.

Yésu a ngwéh me, yay-su ah n-gway me (e as in let)—
Jesus loves me.

Ndi hala nyen me nyi, n-dee hah-lah n-yen me n-yee—himself has told me so.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

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